

BARRETONE



BARRE HIGH SCHOOL

1942





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DEDICATION

In this War Year of 1942, we have the honor of dedicating the Barretone Yearbook to 92 former students of Barre High School now engaged with the armed forces of the United States.

Some of our boys are in the army within our borders; others have been transported across the Seven Seas. Some are in the Navy, patrolling the infested Atlantic; others are known to be in the thick of Pacific warfare. Some are among the marines in all parts of the globe; others are pilots or mechanics in the far-flung air corps.

To these boys from Barre High School we express our pride in their service to our country, our hope for their welfare and success, and our prayer for their safe return after the world has been freed from tyranny.

THE ROLL OF HONOR

As the school year of 1942 comes to a close, we find our beloved country in the midst of a terrible world-wide conflict. As a result, boys, our boys, are marching to the battlefields, from which many will never return.

In view of this fact, a new feature has been added to this year's Barretone. A list has been compiled of all those who having attended Barre High School are now in some division of the armed forces of America.

The committee in charge of this feature is as follows:

Bette Troy	Katherine Bullard
Fannie Caranci	Charles Puliafico
Mary Puliafico	Angelina Salvadore
Edward Powers	Nancy Coppolino
Rita Harty	Ernest Waterman

The committee was assisted by Mrs. Boyd and Mr. Dawson.

If the name of any former student at Barre High School who is in active service of the United States has been omitted because his affiliations were not known to us, we wish to extend our regrets. We have made the list as complete as we have known how.



ROLL OF HONOR
Those now in service

1927

Marino Ciccone - A
Joseph Fargnoli - A
Emil Izzi - A
Philip Martone - A
Dato Panaccione - A

1929

Harland Anderson - A
Walter Weighill - N

1930

Dante Ciccone - A
John Jannette - N
Alsander Lufkin - N

1931

Jack Beaman - A
Harold Higgins - A
Frederick Tobin - A

1932

Malcolm Dunbar - A
Ian Turner - A

1933

Leslie Albrecht - A
William Greene - A
Sam Lamacchia - A
Frank Salvo - A
Henry Wood - A

1934

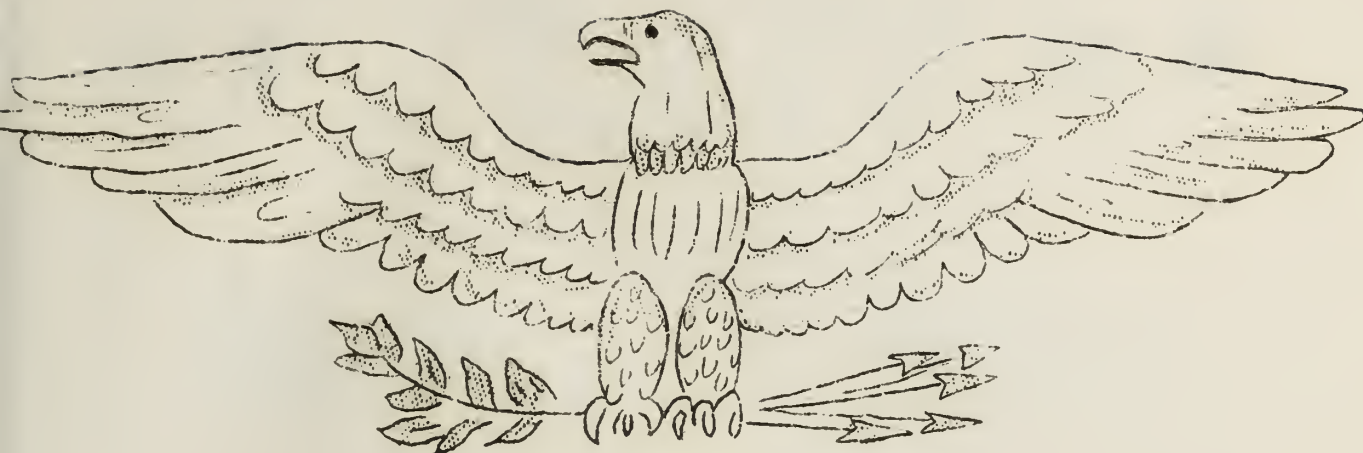
Charles Beaman - A
John Church - A
Albert Jannette - N
Anthony Lupa - N
Oswald Marconi - N

1935

Richard Church - A
James Gerusso - A
John Hay - A
Andrew Femino - N
Frank McEvoy - A
Frank Sottile - A
Joseph Stoner - N
Diamond Trifilo - N
Salvatore Puliafico - A

1936

John Janulevicus - A
Alvin Simenson - A
John Tobin - A



ROLL OF HONOR
Those now in service

1937

Vito Buchinski - A
John Caranci - A
Robert Dwelly - A
William Duda - A
Onesine Ethier - A
James Gerry - A
Manuel Gonsalves - A
John Green - A
Leonard Gustafson - A
Gerald Howkins - N
Joseph Illiscavitch - A
Alphonse Kameron - A
John Kemner - N
Dominic Patracone - A
John Rogowski - A
Mike Rosselli - A
William Terrio - N
Harold White - A

1938

John Andrukonis - A
Frank Coppolino - A
Armando Cornacchio - N
Joseph Gerusso - N
Armando Corso - A
Louis Hadley - A
Harold Lackey - A
Milo Peck - A
Willard Powers - A
Matthew Sokol - A
Tony Sottile - N
William Thorng - A
Paul Wasserback - N

1939

Louie Borelli - N
Donald Bullard - M
Rudolf Carrulo - N
Amerigo Corso - A
Leland Haskins - A
William Manning - N

1940

Thomas Hamilton - A
Charles A. Puliafico - N
DAVID A. HINKLEY USCG

1941

William Crowley - A
Robert Edson - A
Wilbur Fiske - A
Donald Horne - N
Herbert Horne - N
Basil Izzi - N
George Lackey - A
Arthur Pendleton - M
Raymond Trifilo - N

1942 -

Harold Blake - N
Alan Farley - N
Charles Shay - A
Thelbert Thorng - N

★ ★ STAFF ★ ★

Editor
Assistant Editor
Business Manager
Assistant Business Manager

Roy Spinney
Kenneth Lindsey
John Cronin
Alice Kirvelevich

Reporters
Senior
Junior
Sophomore
Freshman

Bette Troy
Eleanor Bemis
Tom Finan
Harold Carey

Art

Phyllis Paquin
Viola Stone

Sports

Mary Skelly
Donald Peck

Jokes

Dorothy Gawthrop

Typists

Dorothea Bechan
Marion Rukstelis
Josephine Puliafico

Advisers

Mrs. Boyd
Miss Kirby



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Hazel O'Donnell

Bertha Flenning

Mary Buttero

Geraldine Farrar

Victoria Awtry

Arlene Howe

Ward Brown

Audrey Bordeaux

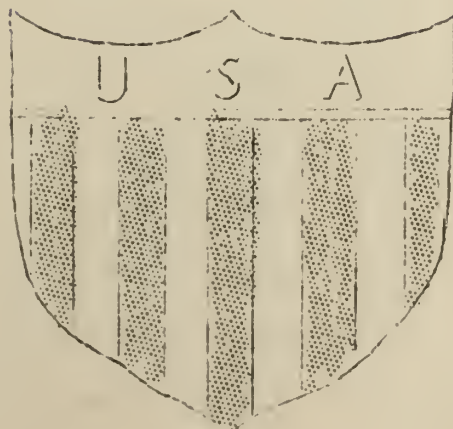
Lillian Bechan

Kathleen Backus

Rence Agar

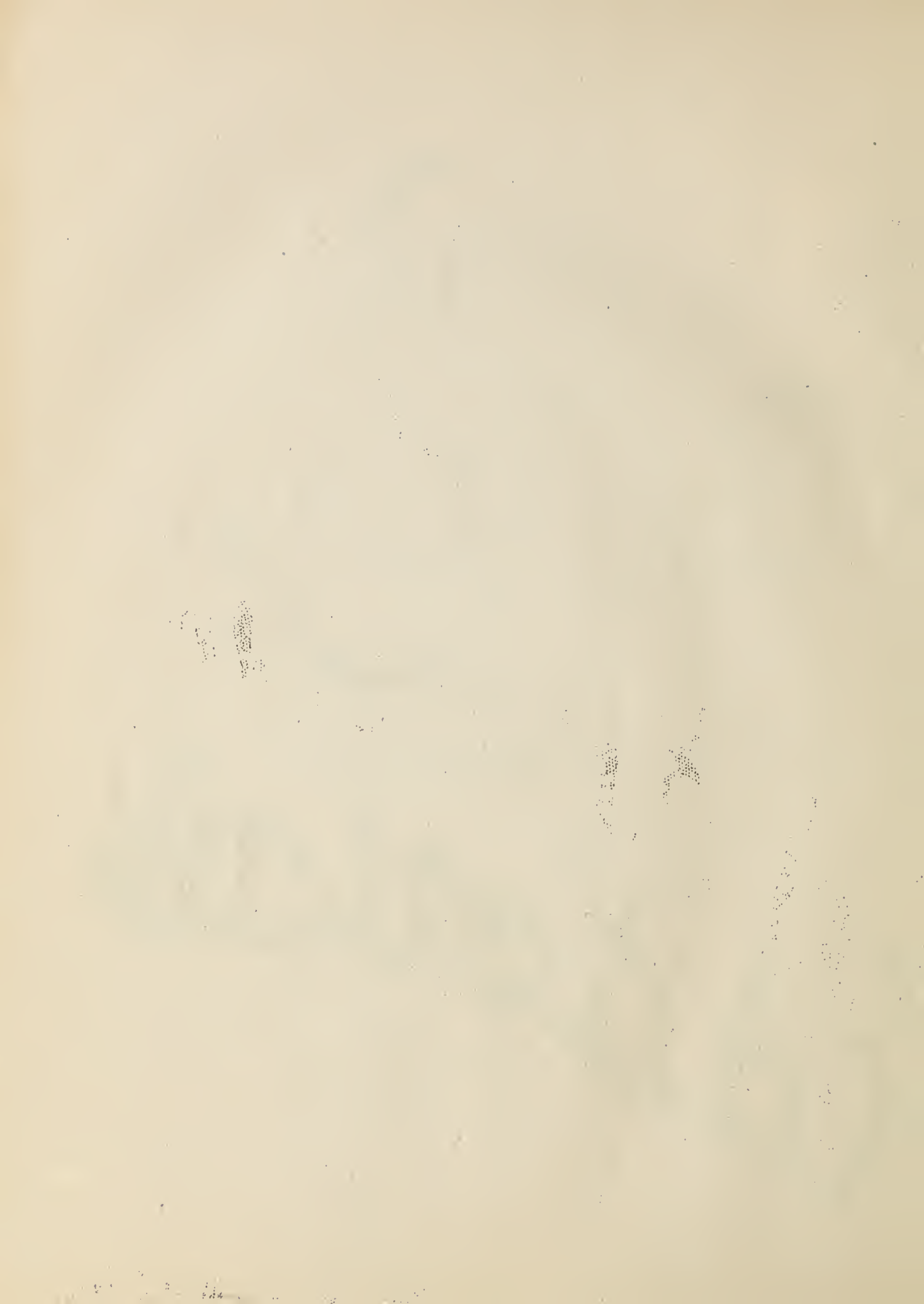
George Yonker

Mary Valente





Editorials



IN MEDIIS REBUS

For the first time in many years America's thousands of graduates are not just another employment problem at a time when there are not enough jobs to go around. On the contrary, they are urgently needed to fill the positions vacated by the men who have left to serve in the armed forces or our nation. Quite unlike previous years, it is not merely the graduates' privilege to work, but their duty. While our soldiers are at camp and at the front, we must do our part on the home front until we can join them. It is not for the graduates alone to work; underclassmen as well should contribute their bit during vacations and after classes. Everyone must do his or her part until this titanic struggle is won, and won in such a manner that the few Nazis, Fascists, and Japs that are left won't soon forget it.

The graduates of 1942 have been placed "in the midst of things" by the arms of destiny. Their enthusiasm coupled with their opportunities will go far to give them a good start in life. In previous years the graduates did not lack any of the enthusiasm, but they did lack the opportunities that are present today.

Some of the older generation, and even a few of the younger, will argue that launching your ship of destiny on a rough choppy sea, torn by strife and danger, is anything but an ideal start. Granted it is not the ideal; it is far from it, and anyone who is tempted to boast of his high wages and his prosperity will do well to remember that high wages and prosperity are only one side of the picture. On the other side millions of young men gave up their jobs, left their homes, and marched off to meet a ruthless foe. Remember; many may never return.

Many of this year's graduates will enter the armed forces this summer; the others will find their way there in a year or so. No matter when they go in, they will be fortunate to be "in the midst of things"; yes, fortunate to have a personal part in licking the Axis. In later life the satisfaction of having engaged in this crusade to save the world will be compensation for hardships suffered en route. To be left out of this struggle would mean a severe blow to any red-blooded young American who really remembers Pearl Harbor, and who already has a brother in the service. To get "into the midst of things" is the ambition of hundreds of thousands of young men of the class of '42. Hitler and Tojo haven't a chance.

JOHN JONES, AMERICAN

At the present time, with the United States taking a leading part in the most extensive war in its history, each and every American must do his share in the efforts of our government to bring this war to a satisfactory and hurried end.

Let us live a day with John Jones, an ideal American citizen. Mr. Jones arises at 5:30 A.M. It is darker than usual, for the clocks have been moved ahead one hour to conserve electricity for national defense. He has been cold all night long, for the family was just a little too late in their attempts to purchase blankets. The woolen mill has turned to producing blankets for the fighting men of our army, navy, and marine corps.

Among the clothing that Mr. Jones wears are pants with no cuffs, a suit coat with no lapels, and shoes without rubber heels or soles. He could not buy a vest at all. A red, white, and blue "V" for victory is fastened to his upper coat pocket. When he turns on the radio, a news commentator reports the latest war flashes. When he goes to the door to get the morning paper and a bottle of milk, he finds the newspaper almost entirely filled with war news. The milk is not there, for the milkman delivers milk only every other day in order to save tires for national defense.

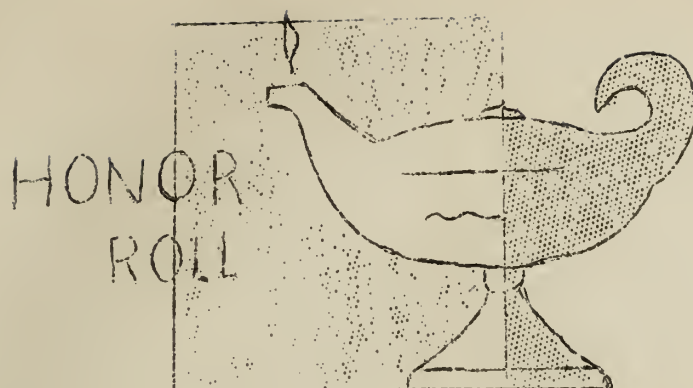
At breakfast one lump of sugar to each cup of coffee is the limit. Because he had the good fortune of buying four new tires just before rationing started and because he was a defense worker and had obtained a B-1 gasoline rationing card, Mr. Jones drives to work in his own car. Today was pay-day, and Mr. Jones finds that his pay envelope has two dollars less than usual. Then he remembers that he has pledged part of his pay to buy United States War Bonds.

On his way home from work, he stops at the store. At the sugar counter is a sign: "Have your ration stamp ready please." When he tries to buy a tube of toothpaste, he finds that an old tube must be returned every time a new tube is bought. Ceiling prices prevent the prices of many articles from rising above certain limits but some things, such as bananas, cost three times as much as before the war started. Mr. Jones does not buy large quantities of any one thing, for that would be hoarding and would not be patriotic.

After arriving home he spends one hour of his valuable time in caring for his victory garden. After supper he takes a four-hour shift at the local airplane observation tower. At last, very tired and weary, he prepares to get a long and well-deserved rest. Just as he is about to get into bed, the sirens blow signaling a blackout. Mr. Jones, who is an air raid warden, dresses quickly and rushes out of doors and up the street.

After an hour of noise and confusion, Mr. Jones is again ready for bed. He does not know it yet, but all night long he will dream of air raids, sea fights, and mighty army battles.

In his prayer that night Mr. Jones includes, "Please, Lord, please bring this war to an end soon."



Honor Roll for first four marking periods - up to June 1.

FRESHMEN

Velna Bordeaux
Betty Dean
Hope Johnson
Irene Sieczkarski

George Yonkers

Harold Carey
Oresto Franciose
Marion Ricchiazzi
Mary Valente

SOPHOMORES

Kathleen Backus
Irene Dogul

Oreste Persechino

Violet Corso
Dorina Gallant

JUNIORS

Eleanor Bemis
Josephine D'Anolfo
Grace Grimes
Kenneth Lindsay
Joe Panaccione

Rose Puliafico

Charles Cutting
Anthony Daoundakis
Arline Howe
Allan McKintosh
Donald Peck

SENIORS

Robert Rice
Eleanor Backus
Veronica Boardway
Dorothy Gawthrop
Josephine Puliafico

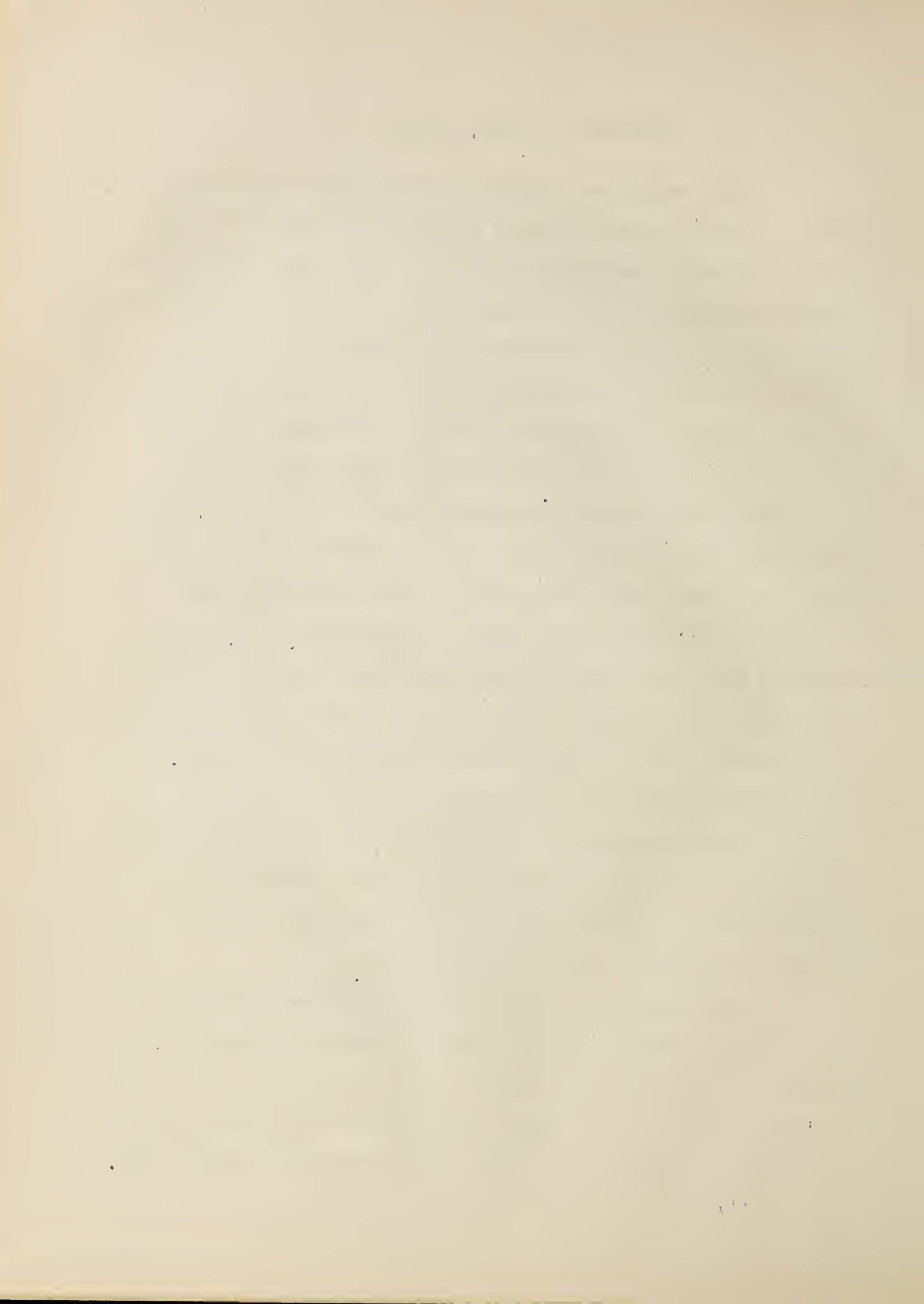
Paul Cutting
Dorothea Bechan
Norman Carruth
Myrtle Keddy
Marion Rukstelis

KNOWLEDGE AT HIGH SCHOOL

The subject of school is quite a delicate thing to handle. I can't verywell say I dislike it because I'd probably end up on the outside inste ad of inside--all in all the teachers are pretty good friends. They work hard to teach me that Caesar was a great dramatist and Shakespeare a great Conqueror, that all those wormy looking whirligigs in shorthand are supposed to represent words. Of course, I may be pretty slow, but I'm sure Mr. Allen has proven that $Z - X$ will equal seven provided Z equals four and X three. Mr. Wing talks long and untiringly on the subjects of snakes and toads in biology, but to me they're still very repulsive creatures regardless of how they are constructed. Oh, of course, I must not forget to tell you that bookkeeping is ever fascinating and so easy! If the balance sheet won't balance, just throw the whole thing aside and blame it on the book. The figures weren't right anyway!

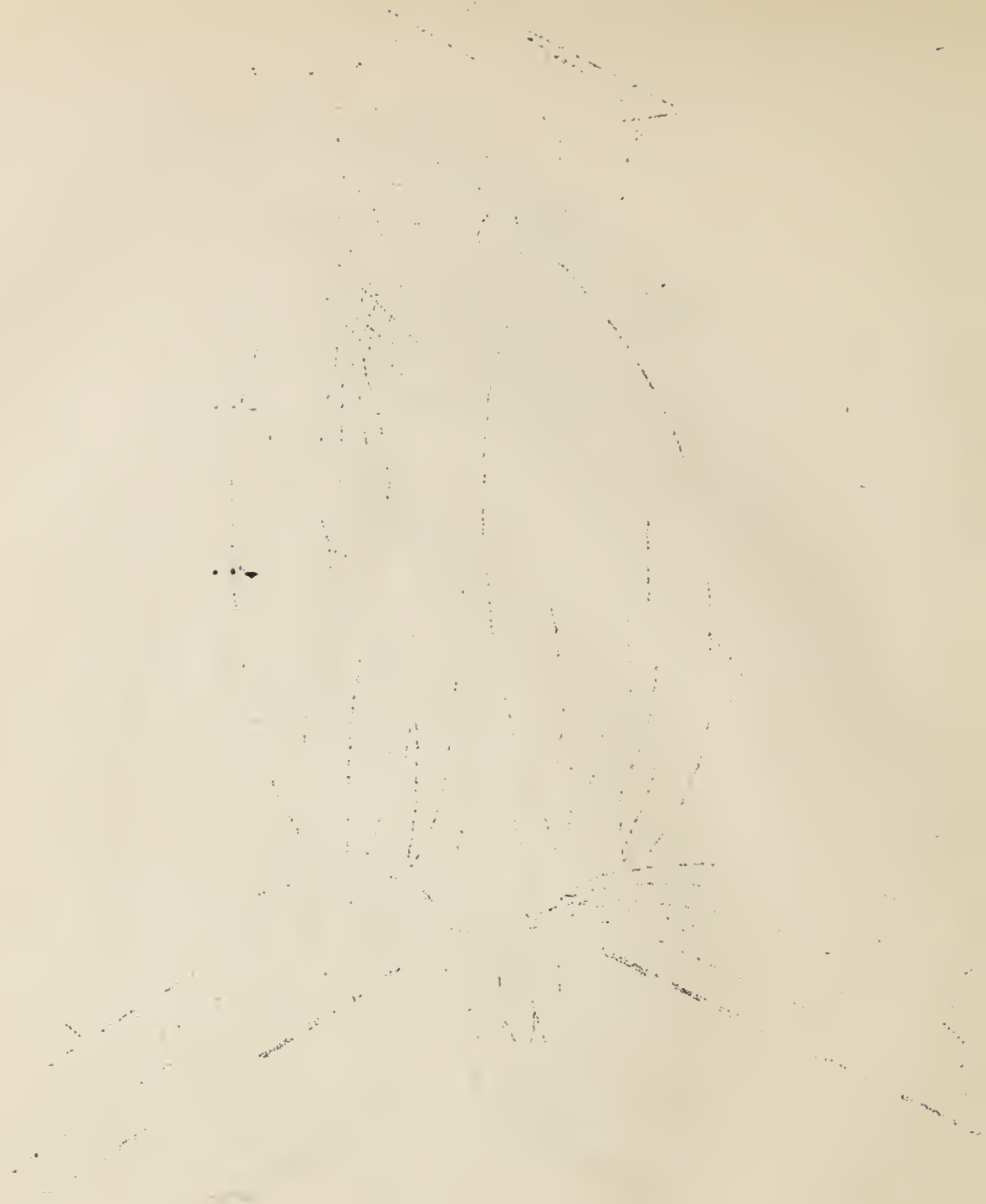
Study periods are always a joy--provided Miss Spurr is overseer. Of course, you may get caught chewing gum or talking once in a while, but don't let that bother you, it only means a couple of weeks of detention.

And then, just think of those handsome basketball and baseball heroes you had a chance to meet. Really now, we don't go to school just to have a nice looking fellow wink at us, but it helps a lot to make things more interesting. So all in all, high school is pretty good institution after all.





SENIOR



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SENIOR CLASS ROLL

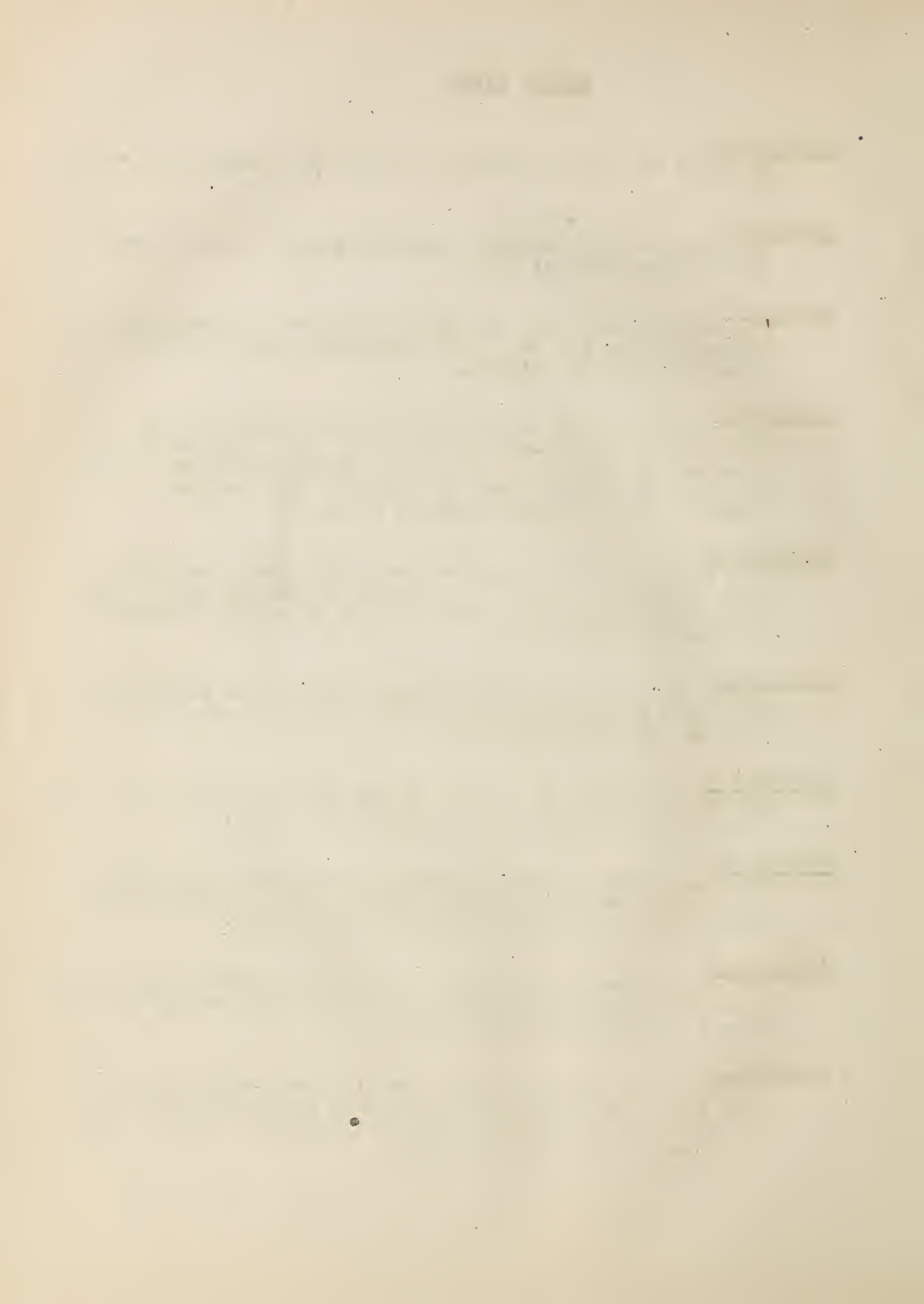


President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer

Paul Cutting
Dorothy Gawthrop
Betty Troy
Norman Carruth

Dorothy Allen
Eleanor M. Backus
Edward Bashaw
Dorothea A. Bechan
Fred J. Bechan
Margaret M. Better
Henry W. Blake
Veronica L. Boardway
Dorothy M. Briggs
Katherine M. Bullard
Mary E. Buttero
Fannie T. Caranci
Norman E. Carruth
James G. Chilleri
Nancy M. Coppolino
John F. Cronin
Paul S. Cutting
Howard L. Dean
Angie L. DiFonzo
Geraldine C. Farrar
Bertha M. Flemming
Robert T. Flint
Dorothy K. Gawthrop
Edson Gay
Adrienne Guertin
Bertha M. Hardy

Rita L. Harty
Myrtle A. Keddy
Leonard A. Marshall
Hazel M. O'Donnell
Antonio J. Palano
Phyllis E. Paquin
Lucy A. Patracone
Edward J. Powers
Charlie A. Puliafico
Josephine R. Puliafico
Mary T. Puliafico
Robert V. Rice
Rose Rossi
Marion H. Rukstelis
Angelina J. Salvadore
Mary A. Skelly
Roger H. Skelly
LeRoy C. Spinney
Mary E. Troy
Mabel M. Tucker
Victoria M. Awtry
Ernest E. Waterman
Alfred H. Wilbur
George R. Wrin
Ralph T. Young
Viola M. Stone



SENIOR DIARY

September 2

We begin our life as seniors. Seems good finally to reach Room 7.

October 2

The death of a classmate, Madeline Spano, fell as a heavy blow to the class of '42.

October 8

The annual Senior Tea was held with favorable results. A talented group put on a very interesting program to the amusement of many mothers.

October 17

The results of the magazine drive gave honors to the seniors--as usual,--who ate ice cream and cookies in the High School Assembly. (Later Mr. Dawson was heard to say that our class had a greater capacity for ice cream and cookies than any other previous class.)

November 26

Mrs. McCord, who had just returned from her missionary work in Africa and who is a native of Oakham, gave a very interesting and amusing talk on life among the natives of the "Dark Continent".

December 9

Girls, remember that nice-looking chap in the police uniform from the Registry of Motor Vehicles who spoke on safety? Nice fellow, what?

December 19

Due to the death of a pupil in the freshman class the Christmas Senior-Alumni Social was cancelled.

January 22

That well-known, amusing gentleman who reads such funny poems--yes, Professor Illingsworth--again entertained the school with his talk on literature and books.

January 23

The Junior-Senior party was held and we seniors were all amazed at the junior talent. We had a most enjoyable evening (The food was especially good.)

February 20

Senior Play! What a night! Who'll ever forget the great work the class did in the drama "One Horrible Night"? To those in the play it probably was "horrible"; but to the audience it was a great success.

BARRETONE THEATRE

presents

THE DEPARTURE OF THE SENIORS

Four years now we've tripped this stage,
And now we've reached the final age.
Though we've met with much acclaim
We must leave this hall of fame.
Now waiting for the fatal cue
Stands the cast of fifty-two.
Our troupe is ready to depart;
Each one has played a perfect part.
For us it is the curtain call;
No new engagement in the fall.

Producer Mr. Dawson stands
Amidst the roar of clapping hands.

Director Mrs. Boyd, we owe
A word of thanks before we go.

Scored by the teachers, everyone
But now for us their work is done.

Music by Carruth, Stone, and Young
Praises of these three are sung.

Costumes by Backus and Skelly too
Of every style and daring hue.

Academy awards to Gawthrop and Powers,
Laurels on them this theatre showers.
The two professors, Cutting and Rice,
Have played their roles very nice.
The three Puliaficos to the last
Have been a credit to our cast.
Waterman, Skelly, Wrin, and Dean
Are the gayest blades this season's seen.
From Wilderness Road came the Oakham group
Hardy, Rossi, and Briggs joined the troupe.

Bechan, Spinney, and Marshall, you see
Are working hard for our victory.
Guertin and Di Fonzo cheerfully do
Sell their line of goods to you.
Bashaw, Palano, and Edson Gay
Will reach the rainbow's end some day.

Now spotlights on the dancing alone
Of Allen, Bechan, and Patracone
Alfred Wilbur and Wilbur Blake
Gas for their cars they're going to make.
Caranci and Buttero, both will win
Many friends with their wistful grin.
Paquin and Boardway without fail
Were almost left in the Worcester jail.
Tucker and Flemming, we wonder why
Are on Cloud Number 7 in the sky.

Harty, Better, and Bullard stand
Three comrades true, hand in hand.
Comedians Flint and Green say
That a laugh is great on any day.
Rukstelis and Keddy make folks stare
At their blonde and lovely hair.
O'Donnell and Troy are now in style
With old-fashioned Irish smile.
Chilleri's and Awtry's faces glow
Prize speaking winners, as you know.

We have presented here to you
The cast round up of fifty two.
June 23 around the bend
Our greatest role is near an end.
May good luck be with everyone
For when the present war is won,
The sun will then come smiling thru
And may it shine on you and you.

In this Barretone Theatre Hall
Is my last poem to you all:
For curtain time has come right now;
So I'll take my final bow!

Presented by

Geraldine Farrar

The End



REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

We will always remember Pearl Harbor. We don't have to tell you that because each of you has so many thoughts to link with the bombing of Pearl Harbor. You will remember your friends who were out there then and who are out there now.

However, there are some things that we, the senior class of nineteen hundred and forty-two, will always think of when the words "Remember Pearl Harbor" are mentioned. We will remember all the things that happened to us during our life at high school; all the sorrows we have had; all the funny things that have happened to each of us.

When we entered Barre High School in September, 1938, a new kind of life was opened up to us. Some of us were scared pink, and some were scared silly, but I am sure that all 80 to 100 of us (our membership was 100 at one time during that year!) were just a little frightened anyway. Then shortly afterward came two terribly important events: The magazine drive and the Hurricane! Our class has had an exceptionally good record in the various magazine drives, and we never had to do exercises! The Hurricane was an experience through which we all live, but there was a while during it when we didn't feel quite so safe about our future. That feeling was universal throughout the town. The Freshman Social followed. It was a Saint Patrick's Day Party; and everyone had a good time. Then came final exams. Of course, we have gotten rather used to them now and don't worry much(?), but at that time we hardly knew what we were writing. We were worried!!

When we came back to school as sophomores, we were able to do the ducking, instead of being ducked! It was fun! We have had many fads in our class, but the most interesting ones came this year. One of them was that the girls wore bells. They wore them with ribbons in their hair, and some even had them tied to their shoes! Another fad was the so-called "beer jacket" which had names, funny sayings, and pictures written all over it in indelible ink. Remember the jacket with the pocket labeled "Hope Chest?" Then there was the Sophomore Hallowe'en Party. It was a costume party. You won't ever forget the Hawaiian girl in the grass skirt, will you? And have you seen what a glamor girl she has turned into? It's amazing! It was at this party that a favorite teacher of ours, Miss Dole, told our fortunes.

It was during our junior year that Mr. Casey left us. We all were sorry when he went. The greatest event of the junior year should be told first: The Junior Prom. The decorations pictured sea scenes, anchors, sea weed, and sea gulls. It was a clever idea, and it was done very well. We think it was the best Junior Prom that Barre High had had for a long time, especially since we made more money than the Class of nineteen hundred and forty-one. We had some Senior-Junior parties also. There was a



blizzard on the night of the last one, Our Junior Party was the best that we had ever had. We did folk-dancing under the able direction of Mr. Allen and Dot.

Then came the senior year; the outlook for all of us seemed gloomy. One bright spot was that the seniors won the Magazine Drive, and Viola Stone sold 36 subscriptions while in bed!

We won't ever forget the events of the next few months. Then came the war and blackouts and gas rationing--and the Senior Play. That was very good; we all thought the same. The noises were almost better than the actors!

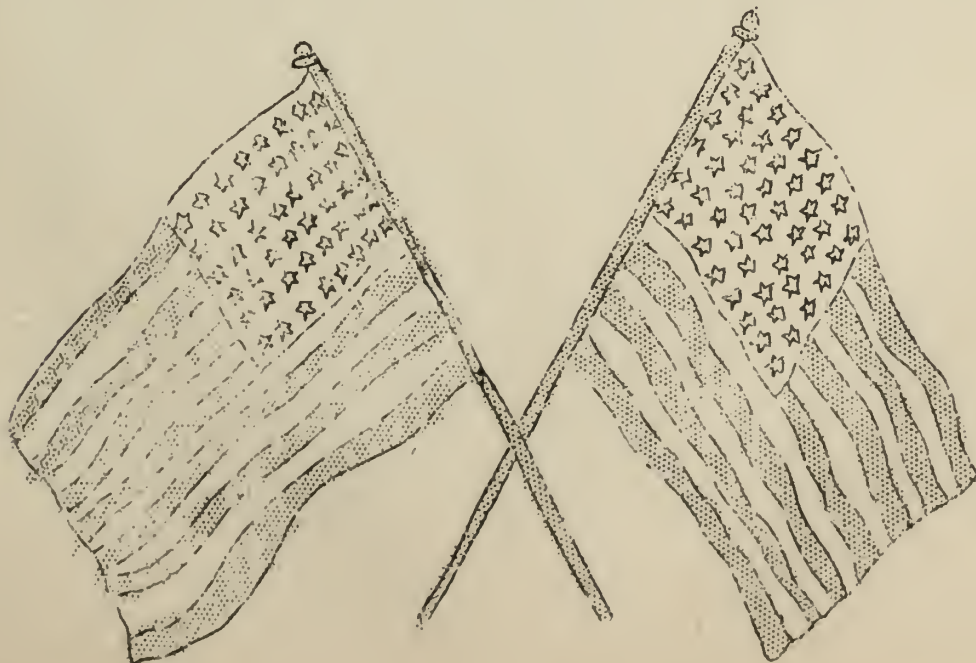
More happened following that. We had a Junior-Senior Party, which was fun

After that rumors began to float around--no trip to the Courthouse, and worst of all, no Senior Trip!

But in spite of all the hard luck, there is a silver lining showing through the dark clouds now: the war will end--sometimes we have been to the Courthouse and we are actually going to Boston!!! We are very busy now and have many problems to settle--graduation, plans for a party after it, class pins, invitations, places, times, and so forth.

Among the many upheavals of this particular year we recall the changing of seats, even of rooms, every four weeks. The class was divided between Rooms 7 and 8, between Miss Kirby and Mrs. Boyd. We must have been troublesome, for both of these teachers are quitting their posts in June. We don't see how the High School is going to get along without them, but we hope that they will be very happy in their new vocations.

We are a very lucky class after all. "Remember Pearl Harbor Seniors!"



CONFESSIONS OF A SENIOR

It was then in '38
That we seniors met our fate!
12:20 was a famous date
When we were only sometimes late.
Bells were ding~~ing~~, voices ringing;
Carrolls flinging history at us all;
We romped o'er Heath and heather,
Jell the weather, '42ers didn't care.
A ten-foot drift, a busted Wing,
We were always there.
Baseball, football, basketball,
Or just good plain old marbles,
We too, were always fair.
How the Wrins did chirp and chatter
As we passed O'Donnell's farm,
(That is on the "turnpike famous
Over thar' whar' Oakham's laymen
Yell out "BLACKOUT" door to door,)
Getting back to meditations,
You should have heard our recitations;
Cutting Latin capers;
(Better topics never flowed
O'er Gay er tongues or wiser.
And ne'er forget our fondest notions
"Rice and Butter, O and 'Pickles' are our potions,"
Agreed all Boyd(d)s and girls by senior motion.
Our favorite poets, folks, do follow:
Shakespeare, Poe and (Roger Shelley,
But more Power ful in our hearts is Hamlet,
Proof of this is known by Farrar.
Such Young things were we then, it's true,
We never gave up Troying Hardy,
With such a Backus as we had,
How could we?
'Twas not a bit Chilleri, I'll tell you,
The day we Spinneyd to
The county seat,
The criminals for to see;
As hard as Flint were those crooks, by cracky,
For many a Bullard had marked their way.
Many a thrill has Dot-ted our days,
Here at old Barre High,
Now Autry to give us a Pat on the back,
And thank the Guerti(e) Angels about us,
That we are Americans, not Japs; poor saps?

CHARACTER SKETCHES OF SENIORS

Roger Skelly

"Doc"

"Short, dark, and handsome".

Roger ought to be a movie actor; after all his experience in handling pictures and girls; he ought to come out on tops. Some day he'll give Cecil B. DeMille competition.

Edson Gay

"Eddie"

"Fair smiles win faint hearts".

Eddie is known for that cheerful smile. Eddie showed his mechanical ability in the senior play. Your smile is certainly a thing to be mighty proud of for everyone to imitate.

Adrienne Guertin

"June"

"Silence is golden!"

All through high school Adrienne has been very silent, but even so she has contributed in many ways by serving on committees with whole-hearted cooperation. She never fails to show everyone her winning smile, which seems to hold friendship for all.

Bertha Hardy

"Bert"

"Have fun while you can".

Bertha follows this motto. She is carefree and can turn anyone's heart. Did you notice her at the Junior Prom? Bertha should become a hair stylist, for she has set many examples in these last four years.

Myrtle Keddy

"Myrt"

"What's better than to be a blond?"

Myrtle's hair is the envy of all and perhaps she'll take Veronica Lake's place in motion pictures. Keep up with your shorthand and typing, and you might be her secretary. Who know

Rita Harty

"Rite"

"We should be seen, not heard".

Rita makes up the silent part of our class. We wish her success in whatever course she takes, and if she follows her sister's steps, we're sure she will be successful. Good luck to you, Rita.

Leonard Marshall

"Shrinp"

"Silence and ambition lead to success".

Who said Leonard was quiet? Ask the boy that went to White City with him the time the class went to the courthouse. Everyone knows he is an expert at horse-back riding.

Hazel O'Donnell

"Hazel"

"Get the best out of life".

Hazel is well-known for her soprano voice. We hope that you may thrill as many by it in years to come, as you have thrilled us through the last few years. Best luck, whatever road you take!

Antonia Palano

"Tony"

"May the best horse win".

Horse racing is his speciality. We can always find him reading the latest news about the winners. Although Tony had

a serious illness this spring, we were glad to welcome him back to graduate with us.

Phyllis Paquin "Phil"

"Happiness is the spice of life".

Phil is noted for those sketches seen throughout the year in the "Barretone". She also showed her skill in winning the Tennis Championship last year. Since she plans to do her duty to her country as an army nurse, we wish her loads of luck.

Mary Butterborn "May"

"A willing hand is of service to the world".

To be a good nurse is Mary's ambition. All through high school she has lent a helping hand to any in trouble. She has the ability to get along with people and to make others in her company happy. Good luck, Mary."

Katherine Bullard "Kay"

"Be good and you will be happy".

Kay is one of the quiet members of the senior class but has joined in the class activities willingly. Sometimes the quiet ones are the nicest. Isn't that right, Kay? She, too, plans to be a secretary. We wish her luck.

Fannie Caranci "Fan"

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful continence".

All through high school, Fannie has spread good cheer. She will long be remembered for this cheerfulness, and she will be a success in any walk of life she chooses.

Norman Carruth "Pete"

"Every man shall bear his own burden".

"Pete" is the treasurer of our class, and although he has met with difficulty collecting money, he's done his job successfully. His part in the senior play was also a success. Pete played in the orchestra, and, who knows, we may be listening to him over the radio with his own orchestra!

James Chilleri "Jim"

"Great thought come from the heart".

Jim is the quiet, conservative boy of our class, except when he thinks we are going to have a test; then Jimmy is running about trying to find out the questions that might be asked on the black board the day before.

Paul Cutting "Cut"

"The force of his own merit makes his way".

For three years Paul has been the leader of our class and has directed us through thick and thin. He is also noted for his musical talent. Remember when he won Callahan and played in Bob Chaplin's orchestra for the Junior Prom? "Cut", with all your varied talents, we are sure you will succeed in anything you do. Here's a future Dr. Kildare!

Howard Dean "Howy"

"A friend to everyone and everyone his friend".

A friend is right! The Oakham people will vouch for this statement. For whenever anyone wants a ride, Howard is right there. Howard's theme song for the senior year has been,

"Miss You". (She graduated last year!)

Geraldine Farrar "Jerry"

"There is a pleasure in writing".

"Jerry" is our class poet and never fails to have a poem on the tip of her tongue. A great majority of the "Barrettones" have had some of Jerry's work in them. She has written the class ode which the seniors think is superior to any previous one. No doubt this talent will help her in her chosen career as a reporter.

Robert Flint "Bob"

"For he's a jolly good fellow".

Whenever there's any mischief to be done, Bob is sure to be around. For a time the detention room was home to him. Boys will be boys. Isn't that right, Bob? However, Bob is serious enough to work for his country in defense work.

Dorothy Allen "Dot"

"How to win friends and influence people".

Her sunny disposition and ability to get along with people has won her a place in the hearts of her classmates. Her part as the "kid named Joe" in the freshman social was the beginning of her school activities which included orchestra, glee club, the senior play, and the school sports.

Eleanor Backus "Shorty"

"Where there's a will, there's a way".

Shorty is one of the outstanding girls of our class, both from a scholastic and a social view point. Her one ambition is to be a nurse, and if she is as good a nurse as she has been a student, 100 per cent of her patients ought to recover. Eleanor is also noted for her giggling.

Edward Bashaw "Eddie"

"Gabriel, blow your horn".

Eddie is one of the regular fellows in our class, always having a smile for everyone. He's played in the orchestra for two years and is now taking trumpet lessons. Who knows, someday Eddie might be a second Harry James.

Dorthea Bechan "Dot"

"Efficiency is her keynote".

Running errands for the teachers has been her job for the last year. She is always willing to help people and her part in the Senior Play will be long remembered. Someday Dot plans to be "someone's stenog". She'll make a nice one, won't she?

Fred Bechan "Freddy"

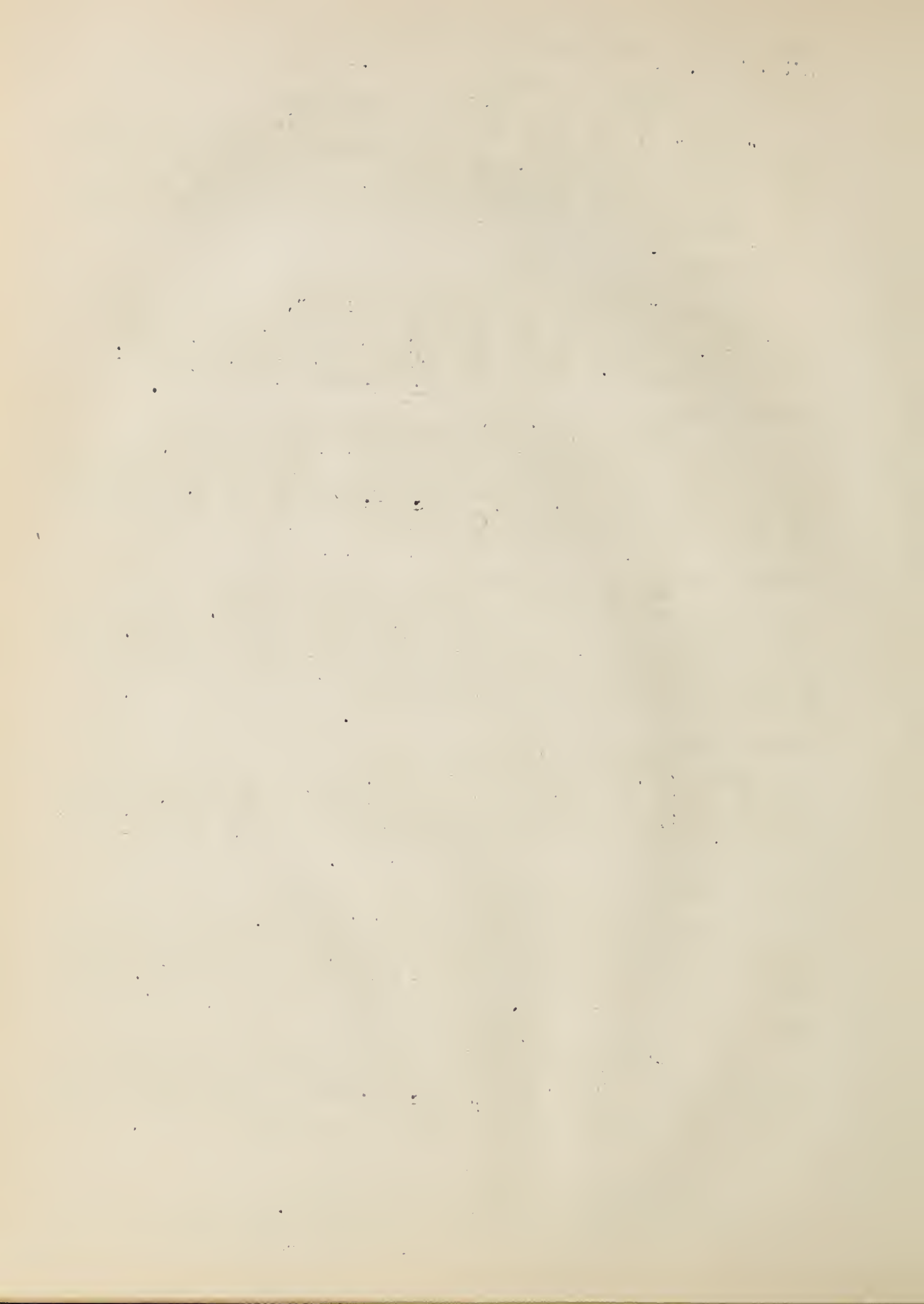
"The safest way to avoid trouble is to be quiet".

Fred certainly lives up to this quotation, especially in history class. He is one of the boys who is doing defense work afternoons at Allen's shop. And with fellows like Fred, working for our defense, we are certain of victory.

Margaret Better "Maggie"

"The business field is her career".

Commercial work has been Margaret's joy. Her smile and disposition will make Margaret popular wherever she goes. As



a secretary she will be "tops". On the other hand, her clothes might secure her a job as a model.

Wilbur Blake "Blakey"

"Let knowledge grow from more to more".

Odd jobs are Wilbur's way of learning more about the world. He is never idle, and his thriftiness will help him make his way in life.

Veronica Boardway "Butch"

"Live and be merry"

Veronica will someday be a great help as a secretary. Her good nature and willingness to help people, along with her typing ability, will assure her of a place in the business world. Veronica is also musical inclined. She plays an accordion and has sung in glee club for three years.

Dorothy Briggs "Dot"

"Leave no stone unturned".

Ever since Dot joined our class, she has readily entered into our class activities whole-heartedly. Dot is another girl who intends to fulfill a secretarial position, and we know she will succeed.

Dorothy Gawthrop "Dot"

"Diligence, and she'll make for things impossible."

Dot, the vice-president of our class, is one of the outstanding student, both scholastically and socially. On many occasions her voice has showed us her acting ability. All in all, Dot is certainly versatile. Variety is the spice of life, isn't it? Dot expects to be Miss Gawthrop R. N.

Viola Stone "Babe"

"A man's best friend is his horse."

All through school Viola has played in the orchestra and has contributed her artistic ability to the Barretone. Her ambition is to become a nurse. If she shows as much determination in this as she did in learning to walk again after her operation, she'll succeed.

Mabel Tucker "Mabel"

"He's 1 A in the Army".

Almost every girl in the class has her eye on one soldier or another, but Mabel has beat us all. If you've noticed the third finger of her left hand, you will know what we mean. We're wishing you loads of happiness, Mabel.

Rose Rossi "Rosie"

"The more the merrier".

Rose has one of the cheeriest dispositions in school and has been right on hand when anyone needed help. Her ambition is to be a private secretary, and the firm that gets her will gain a great deal. Rose also has her eye on someone who is 1 A in the Army!

Mary Skelly "Mary"

"She shall have music wherever she goes".

Mary will long be remembered for her beautiful voice. She has sung in many of the class activities including the seni

play, when she sang our national anthem. All through our four years of school, she has been one of our ablest physical training leaders and is popular with everyone.

Bertha Flemming "Bert"

"A woman can be such an inspiration to a man".

If you don't think so, just ask a certain young man, huh Bert? Bertha might well be called a human "chatter box", for she can always think of something to say. If her hopes to become a hairdresser are fulfilled, she may be writing another Lola Leeds column. Good luck, anyway, Bertha.

Leroy Spinney "Spinn"

"Never leave that till tomorrow which you can do today."

Anyone who reads the Barretone has certainly read Roy's name on its staff for the last four years. He's had a hard time trying to secure material, but he is never heard to complain. Maybe it's the support he has from one member of the senior class in particular. Roy was president of the class the first year and was leader of the magazine drive this year.

Bette Troy "Bet"

"The still small voice of gratitude".

Without the articles which Bette has written for the Barretone for the past three years, it would have lost some of its fine quality. Her freshman year she won first prize in the Prize Speaking contest with her piece, "The Tell Tale Heart". She has been secretary of the class, and someday may be secretary for a certain senior boy and continue writing articles.

Mary Puliafico "Mary"

"The business field is my career".

Mary has unusual talent for sewing. She has contributed this talent to the Red Cross by managing the sewing of Red Cross flags. Keep 'em sewing, Mary!

Robert Rice "Pickles"

"The spirit of the Times".

In physics and history Pickles knows all the answers. He keeps up with the latest inventions and news. After school he works in the First National Store, but some day he'll be giving Einstein some tough problems to figure out.

Marion Rokstelis "Marion"

"Experience prepares one for the future".

Marion has always acted as a typist for the teachers. This is only a stepping stone for her, because, if she is to be judged by her school record, she will be a private secretary for some big business man. She has also been typist for the Barretone.

Angie Salvatore "Angie"

"Quiet by nature"

We will all remember Angie's naturally curly hair which is the envy of all the girls. She, too, is an exceptional typist. Good luck, Angie, when you become secretary to the President.

George Wrinn "Red"

"Variety is the spice of life".

Red has been a very active member of the senior class in the sport activities. He has been the captain of the baseball team for 3 years, and a member of the track team until he was injured. We are very proud of you, Red.

John Cronin "Johnny"

"A pal whether times are good or bad".

Johnny has been our class comedian. Remember him as master of ceremony for our freshman class entertainment? Now he is treasurer of the Barretts and trying hard to collect money from fingers held too tight. Maybe this experience will come in handy when he is Secretary of the Treasury of the U.S.

Victoria Awtry "Vicky"

"Beauty is skin deep!"

Hollywood complexions are nothing compared to Vicky's. Hers is the envy of all the girls. She is never heard to complain about anything but takes things as they come with her chin up. She portrayed her part in the senior play with much vigor. Vicky is sure to be a success wherever she takes her place in the world.

Ernest Waterman "Ernie"

"Everything happens to me".

Ernie for a time had a 2-3 day week, but this last year has turned over a new leaf! Now he is going the full week. He's also another one these boys who used to be at home in detention. Here again Ernie has changed; now detention is foreign country.

Alfred Wilbur "Al"

"A merry heart goes a long way".

Here's the jolly happy-go-lucky boy of the senior class. Ready and willing to help when he can, he helps to keep up the morale of the class.

Ralph Young "Ruby"

"Quietness is a noble virtue".

Although Ralph is quiet, it doesn't seem to keep him out of detention for a very long time. He seems to have a hard time getting his English done. Perhaps with everything speeding up, he will also.

Nancy Coppolino "Nan"

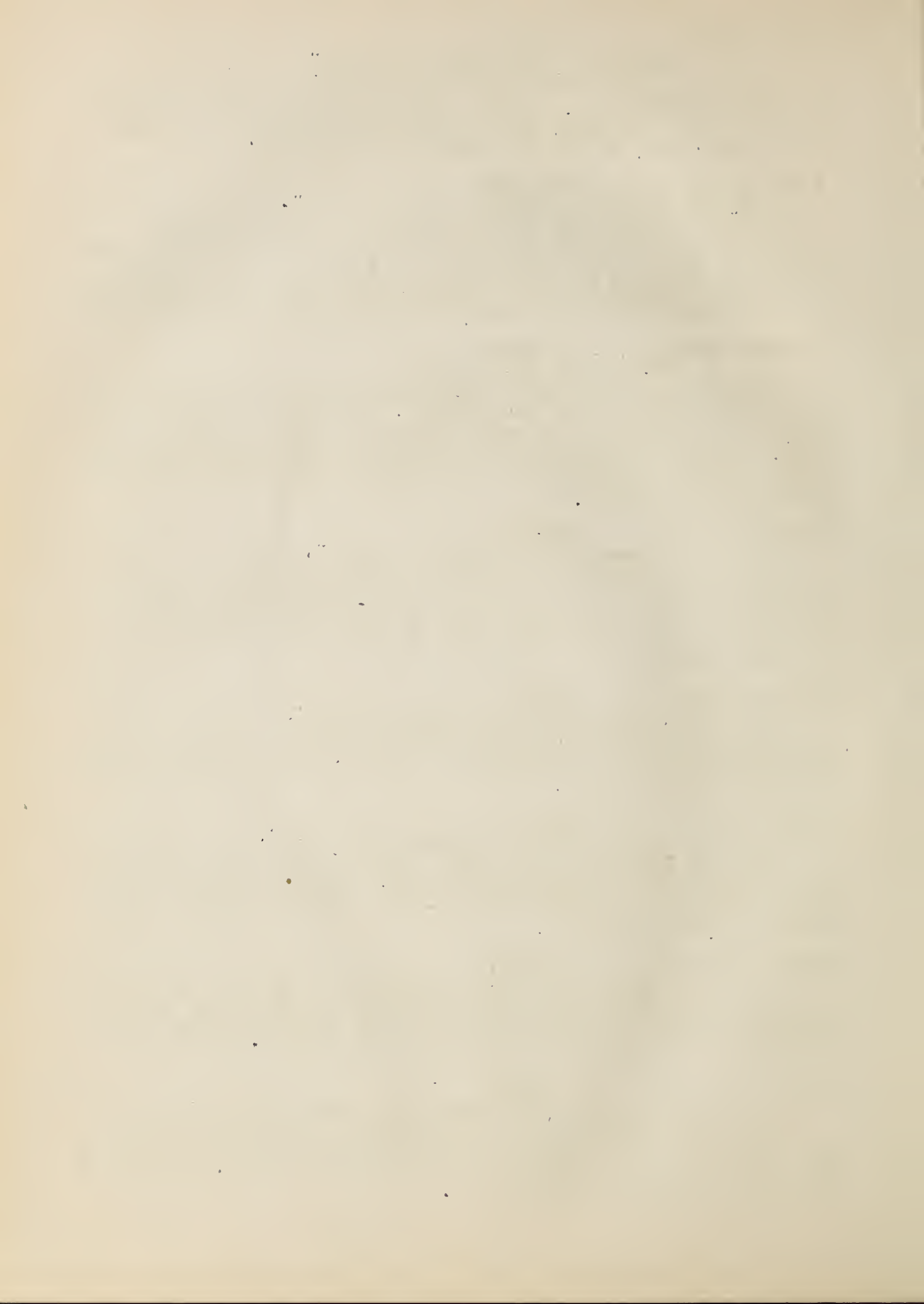
"Silent by nature--active in mind".

Nan isn't one to say very much, but she is always working. In the commercial course she has been a success. We're all wishing you luck when you make your own way.

Angela Di Frenzo "Angie"

"It is the quiet worker who succeeds".

Angie has always been a good worker. No matter what she started she always finished. It is always this sort of person who gets the best in this world. We are all sure you will succeed in anything you try.



Lucy Patracone

"Lu"

"Music hath charm".

Lu has become the envy of all the girls since she led Sammy Kaye's orchestra and won the prize of \$5.00 in defense stamps. When you lead your own band, Lu, here's wishing you loads of good luck and happiness.

Edward Powers

"Eddie"

"Don't give up the ship".

Although Eddie didn't get to Annapolis this year, he'll keep trying until he does. Eddie is proud of this two brother in the service of Uncle Sam and will follow in their footsteps Ship Ahoy!

Charles Puliafico

"Charlie"

A stitch in time saves nine".

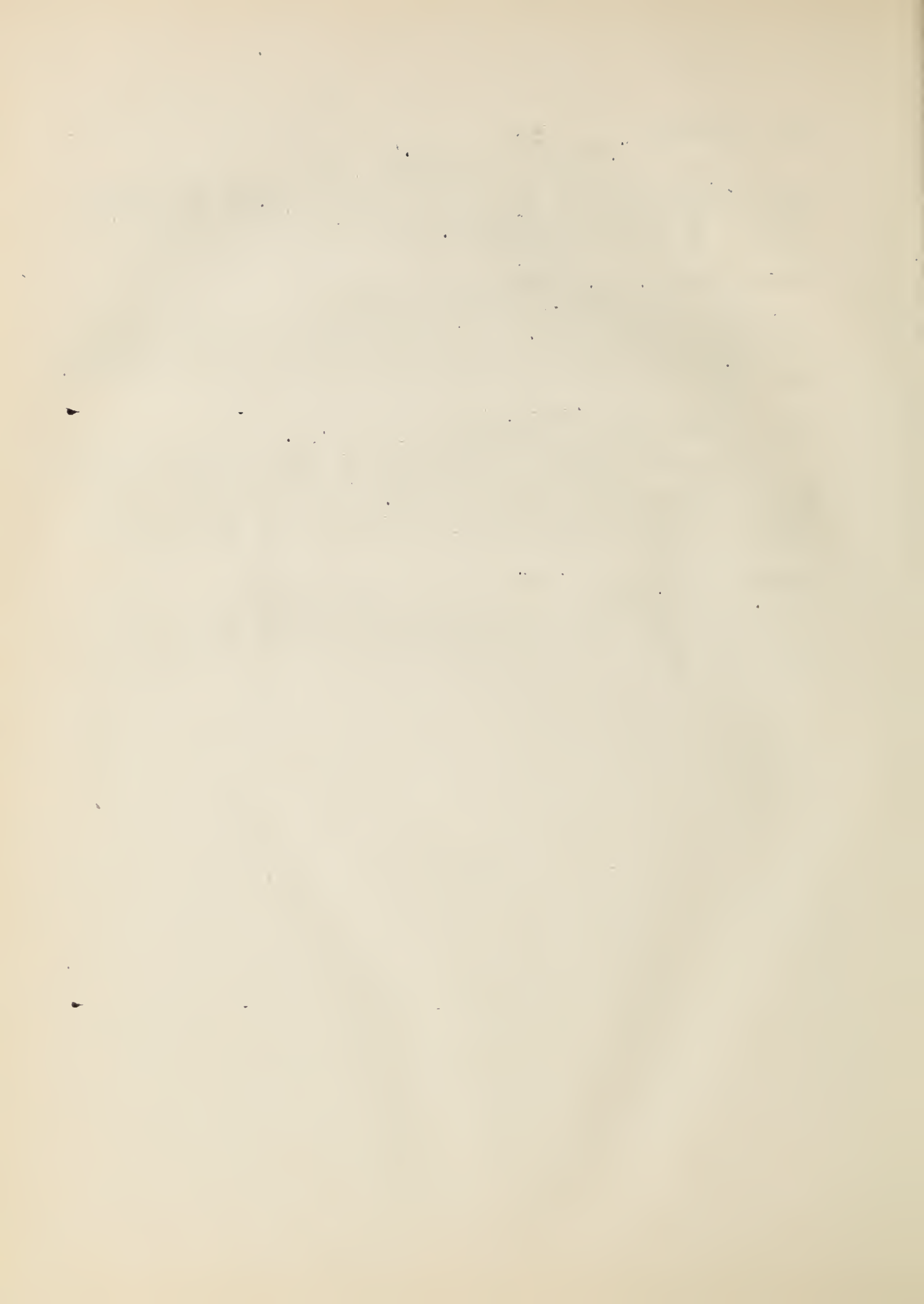
Charlie will always be remembered for his track record and life saving. About a period before math, Charlie can be found running about wildly looking for help. Do you suppose this running around will help him get a position as Western Union Boy?

Josephine Puliafico

"Jo"

"Nimble fingers make light work".

Jo was president of the Junior Red Cross this year and her typing and knitting will not be forgotten. Carry on your good work Jo.



CAN YOU PICTURE--

Dorothea Bechan as inefficient?
Phyllis Paquin without her sweet disposition?
Typing practice without Lucy's songs?
Class of 1942 keeping traditions?
The Junior Prom without punch?
Eddie Bashaw and Bob Flint not discussing "weighty" matters?
Our ice cream assembly under control?
Eleanor Backus unprepared?
Hazel O'Donnell without her Irish humor?
Rita Harty with words to spare?

Geraldine Farrar without poems to write?
Mary Skelly always on time?
Ernie Waterman in school every day?
Angie Salvadore with straight hair?
Rose Rossi and Dot Briggs not dancing their cares away?
Paul Cutting without his "pineapple" clip?
Mrs. Boyd without her art of living?
Nancy Coppolino without Mary Puliafico?
The Baseball Team without George Wrin?
Class parties with enough men to go around?

Margaret Better not being "delightful and delovely"?
Bette Troy and Roy Spinnery not being in love?
Robert Rice not in a argument?
Victoria Awtry without her dimples?
Charlie Puliafico prepared in history class?
Dorothy Gawthrop without brains?
Mary Buttero looking dishevelled?
Marion Rukstelis without ice cream or candy?
Myrtle Keddy not being sweet and lovely?
Eddie Powers without something to do?

The Barretone Staff without Miss Kirby?
Roger Skelly not day dreaming?
Norman Carruth in Room 7 noon hour?
Alfred Wilbur impolite?
Leonard Marshall noisy?
Fannie Caranci not being all smiles?
Edson Gay without curls?
Tony Palano without the Daily Record?
Vernicea Boardway not going from one love to another?
Barre High without us seniors?

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN--

- If Wilbur Blake received dancing lessons from Arthur Murray?
- If Mrs. Boyd didn't give those friendly little lectures to the seniors?
- If Dorothea Bechan had as much luck with her friends as her friend Veronica?
- If Dorothy Gawthrop didn't know her lessons for once?
- If Geraldine Farrar stopped drinking iodine?
- If Angie Di Fonzo had a zipper instead of snaps on her dresses?
- If Lucy Patracone had another chance to lead Sammy Kaye's band?
- If Ernest Waterman didn't have to report?
- If Miss Kirby knew how to cook something else besides chocolate cake?
- If Robert Rice "gave in" to somebody else in an argument?
- If Mr. Wing let his hair grow?
- If Bertha Hardy participated in prize-speaking?
- If we didn't have to give book reports?
- If Mr. Dawson lost his ability to tell those stories about Vermont?
- If Ralph Young shrunk several inches?
- If Howard Dean grew to be handsome?
- If Alfred Wilbur knew how to drive?
- If Red Wrin had the Barre girls as his standby instead of the the girls from Ware?
- If Margaret Better wore stockings to school?
- If Rita Harty wasn't so shy?
- If Myrtle Keddy didn't have Philip to help her with her short-hand?
- If Veronica fell down stairs all the time?
- If Eleanor Backus lost her swagger?
- If Angie Salvadore used cosmetics?
- If Eddie Bashaw gained weight?
- If Roy Spinney had a change of heart?
- If Edson Gay became bald?
- If Eddie Powers lost his sense of humor?
- If Paul Cutting's hair was curly?
- If Roger Skelly really did a day's work?

The Senior Class Trip

On Saturday, June 6, 1942, at 5:45 A.M. Fuller's bus, with the bright sun beaming down on its orange sides and packed with fifty-one sleepy but smiling faces, started on its way to Worcester.

We, the seniors of the class of 1942, were about to have our long-awaited expectations fulfilled; we were on our way to Boston for our class trip.

Upon arriving in Worcester at Union Station, we had the breakfast which we should have eaten at home, but for which we had not had time.

Riding on a train was a new experience for some of us, but for all of us it was an enjoyable one. The train was rather slow, but our lively conversation made up for this.

We first visited the Harvard Museum. The collection of glass flowers was particularly breath-taking, at least to the girls. The boys, however, were simply awe-stricken by the giant squids and dinosaurs which glared out at them from behind glass cages. But the snakes created the greatest sensation (at least the sensation of fear within Miss Kirby's heart.) From her actions, after looking at a huge python, we assumed she wasn't particularly fond of snakes.

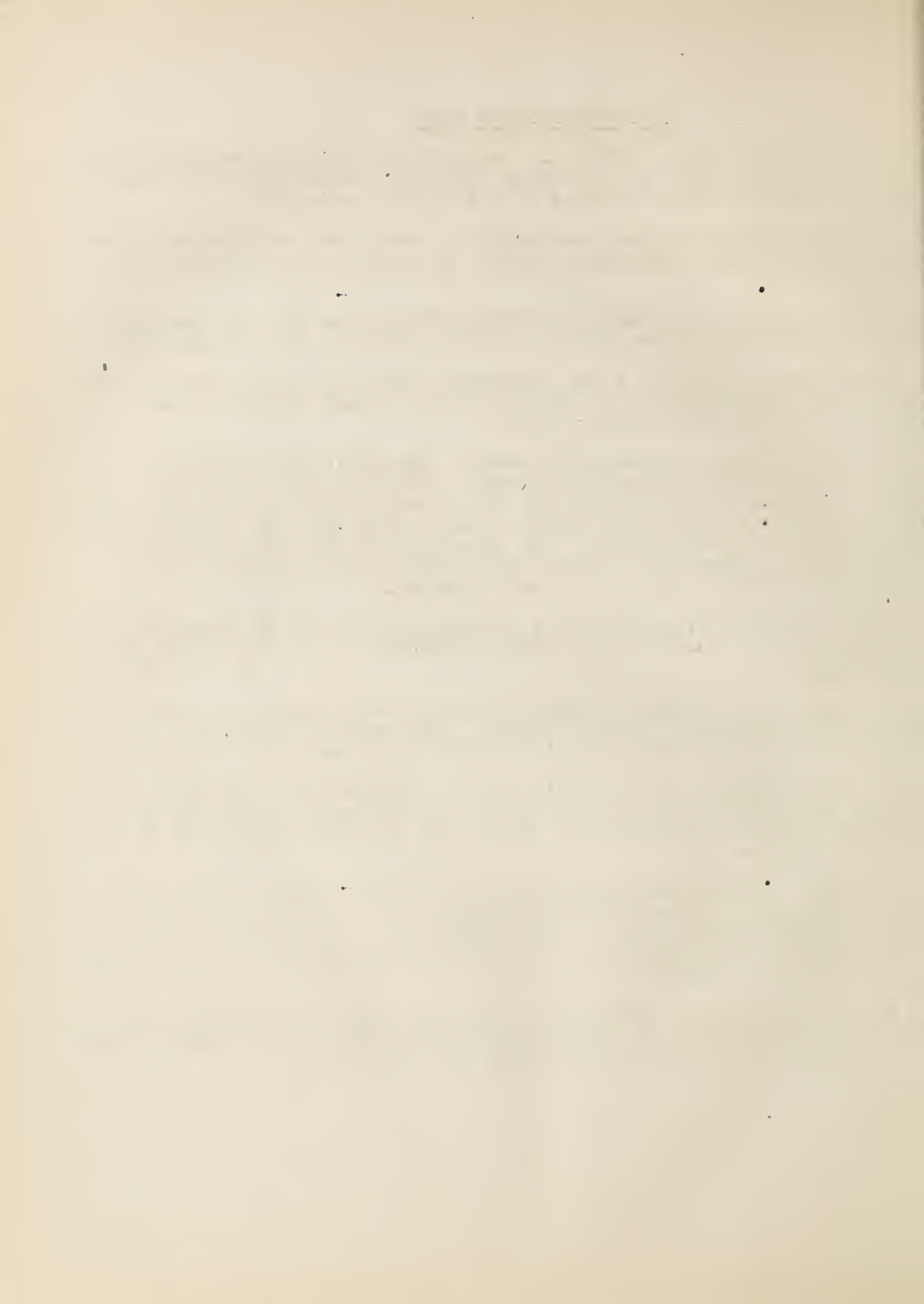
After lunch at Thompson's Spa, Revere Beach was the destination of a large group of us while others were attracted to the stage play, My Sister Eileen.

We found out at dinner neither group was disappointed by their choice of the afternoon's entertainment. The roller coaster "rolled" just as fast as ever, and "Eileen's" sister turned out to be wonderful.

The steak dinners at Piceroni's were a complete success. In fact they were so abundant that fellows like Fred Bechan and John Cronin were unable to eat their dessert. That fact in itself proves the quality of the dinner.

By eight O'clock, the once "fresh as a daisy" seniors with dirty faces, aching feet, but still high spirits, were seated in the R K O theatre watching Vaughn Monroe and his orchestra. Was Vaughn good? Well, the girls tried vainly to calm their hearts, and even the boys confessed they felt a thumping.

At twelve o'clock a train pulled out from the South Station, and in it were 51 tired boys and girls, all of them with happy memories which will be lodged in their hearts for many years to come!





JUNIOR



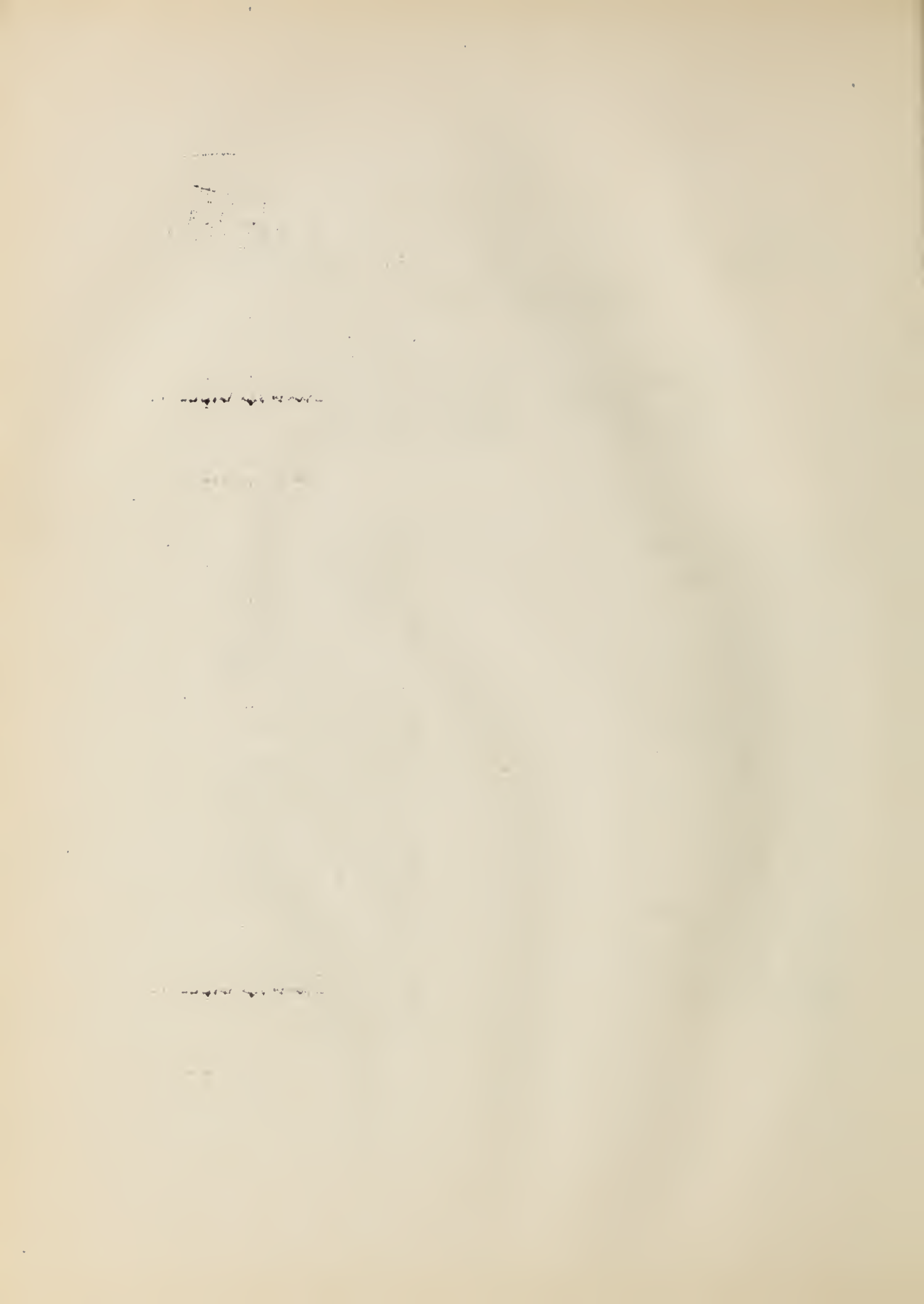
JUNIOR CLASS ROLL

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer

Charles Cutting
Rose Puliafico
Audrey Bordeaux
Edmund Andrukonis

Edmund Andrukonis
Eleanor Bemis
Audrey Bordeaux
Ward Brown
Santa Buttero
Ruth Byram
Charles Cutting
Josephine D'Annolfo
Lindo D'Annolfo
Anthony Daoukakis
Doris Dickson
Harold Dorsey
Phillip Dwelly
Theresa Fox
Mary Genovesi
Grace Grimes
Doris Hjelm
Arlene Howe
John Illiscavitch
Stella Jannette
Albert Kamaraus
Alice Kirvelevich
Kenneth Lindsey
Alan Macintosh

Bernice Martin
Ellen Martone
Clarence Metcalfe
George Mirabile
Doris Newcomb
Nicholas Onorato
Joseph Pannacione
Donald Peck
Esther Prada
Rose Puliafico
Walter Rice
Charles Roberts
Mildred Shepardson
John Sieczkowski
Francis Sokol
Sebastian Sottile
Frances Spasaro
Shirley Stevens
Margaret Tobin
Mary Tolman
Grace Tomasello
Matthew Trifilo
Ruth Waterman
Florence Weighill
John Wytrwal



TO THE SHORES OF TRIPOLI

It was early Saturday morning (about ten minutes of noon) as Albert (Beansy) Kamaraus pulled himself up to his maximum height, shoved out his stomach, pulled in his chest, and carefully surveyed himself in the mirror. The smile fell from his face as he ran his fingers across his chin.

"Hair growing tonic on my face for two weeks and still no whiskers!" he muttered, "but I'm still gonna join the Marines!"

With this solemn vow he got "on the beam" and pointed his nose toward Worcester. Within the hour he entered the Marine recruiting office on Commercial Street.

"What can I do for you, Sonny?" asked the sergeant at the desk. At this salutation Beansy swallowed, hiccupped twice, and then swallowed again.

"Sonny?" he thought, looking behind him to see to whom the sergeant had spoken. "Gulp, guess he's talking to me. I just-- that is, I--I wanta join da marines." A long pause followed and then as though he had just remembered, he added, "Sir."

"You must be thinking of another branch of the service, Son," replied the sergeant carefully scrutinizing the trembling Beansy. "We don't need water boys in the marine corps."

Beansy considered the last remark for a moment and then decided that there is a time and place for everything, including getting mad at a sergeant of the Marines.

"I don't wanta be no water boy, I wanta be a marine, you big--er I mean, sir." By this time Beansy was perspiring like a steam boiler and was as robust as a scared rabbit.

"How old did you say you are, Sonny?" inquired the sergeant.

"F-f-five feet, seven and one-h-h-half inches just before meals, sir," gulped Beansy.

"And how much do you weigh?" asked the sergeant.

"S-s-sixteen years in my stocking feet," was the answer.

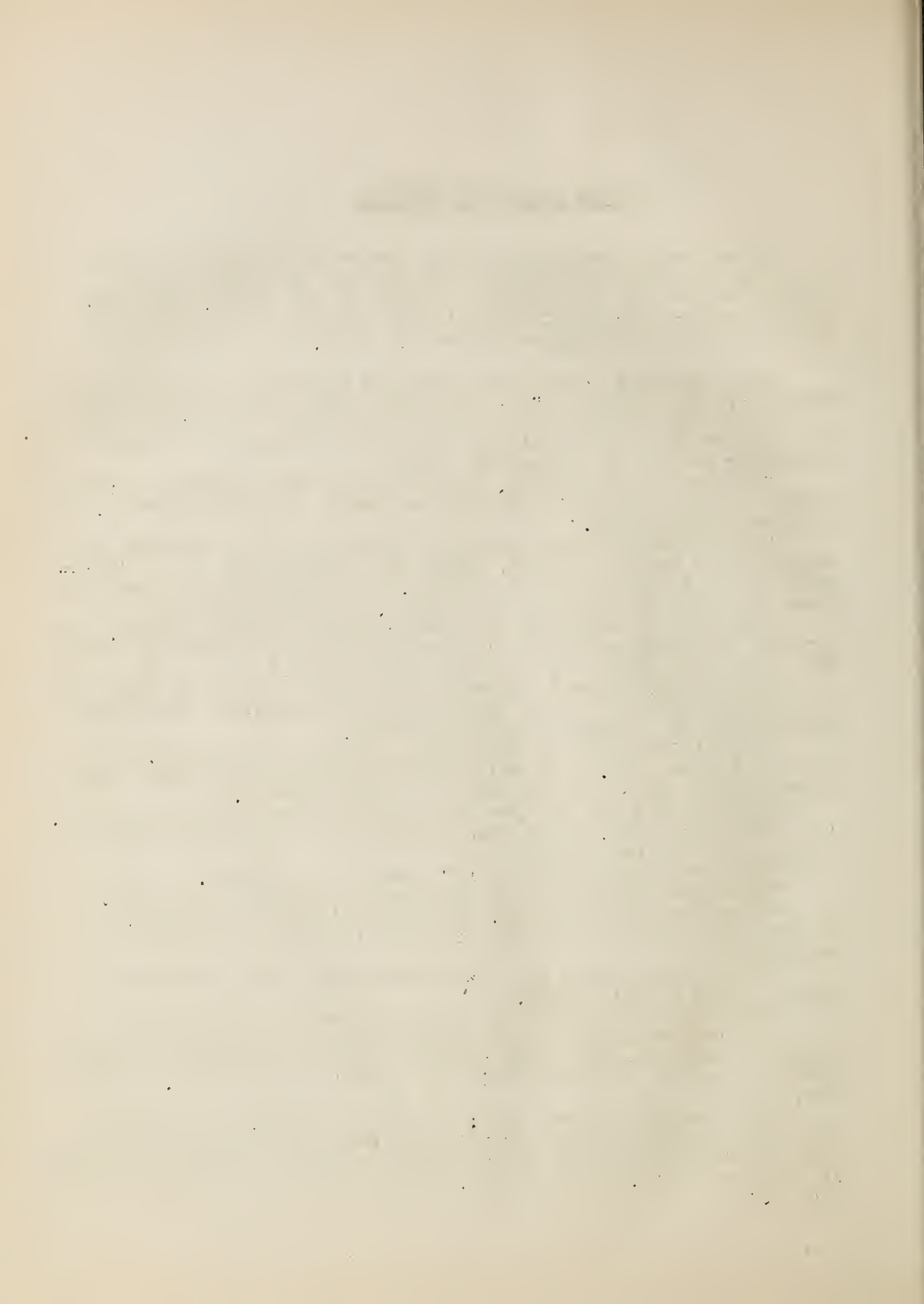
"Your feet must be sore. Are you joining up to fight, or to get your first pair of shoes?" inquired the now smiling sergeant.

"I-I-I-I have blue hair and black eyes, sir," ventured Beansy, "and I wanta fight."

The sergeant called to a uniformed man at another desk.

"Lieutenant Malcolm, take down the lad's name and place it on file. And you, Son, come back in a year or so when you weigh seventeen years in your stocking feet just before meals. Good-day, Son."

Beansy walked slowly away; and as he walked, he muttered, "If Matty Trifilo can ever get in the Navy, Ward Brown in the Marines, George Mirabile in the Foreign Legion, and Alan Macintos! in the Boy Scouts, then by heck, someday I'll be a United States Marine!"



TASK OF THE JUNIOR CLASS

The Juniors, as a whole, have a hard and impatient task ahead of them. Next year we'll all be seniors and in that position we will have to live up to the high standards set by this year's seniors and seniors before them. Naturally our class is capable of this undertaking without any doubt what-so-ever. Let us take a look ahead and compare our class with this year's seniors.

Perhaps Charles Cutting, our President, will take the place of Paul Cutting as our president next year. Then there is Rose Puliafico to fill in for Dot Gawthrop, Ed Andrukonis to step in for Pete Carruth, as treasurer, and Audrey Bordeaux to keep the class well informed as secretary in Bette Troy's place.

If things shape up that way next year, we can readily see that as far as officers are concerned, our class is all right.

Now let's look at the rest of the class. It is probable that Nick Onorato will be captain of the baseball team in the absence of George Wrin, who is captain this year. Then too, we have Alan Macintosh to do all the math so that Mr. Alan won't miss Eddie Powers next year. To keep the class laughing we have Lindo D'Annolfo, who has to keep up with John Cronin. The senior class has Bette and Roy, well the Juniors have Rose and Ward to fill their vacancy. John Wytral will easily trip the scales as far, if not farther, than Eddy Bashaw as the largest boy in the class.

And without doubt, Ken Lindsey will be able to take over Roger Skelly's role as the wittiest boy. When errands have to be done, the future seniors will use Alice Kirvel-evitch to work where Lucy Patracone does now. The quietest girl in the class, Margaret Tobin, will take Rita Harty's place. As for the smallest boy in the class, we are outstanding, for Tony Palano is easily outnumbered by Francis Sokol, Matthew Trifilo, and Clarence Metcalfe. Fannie Caranci's place as the shortest girl will be taken by Santa Buttero.

All this shows that after the seniors go, their places will be filled by a class that in all respects will keep up the good work and examples set for them by past seniors.



CAN YOU IMAGINE

Mr. Wing with long curly hair?
Anyone handsomer than Charles Cutting?
Us not having final exams?
Ward without Rose?
French Class without Miss Spurr?
Ruth and Florence attending school on the same day?
Arlene Howe without a book in her hand?
"Squashy" without a girl?
George Mirabile without gum?
Grace Grines not giggling?
Donald Peck not getting A's on his report card?
Santa and Stella not singing?
Anyone nicer than the Seniors?
Linda D'Annolfo out of dentition?
Grace Tomasello not liking Latin?
Eleanor Bernis not believing in love at first sight?
Albert Kamaraus not wanting to join the Marines?
Not having book reports every month?
Clarence without a car?
The commercial rooms without Miss Kirby?

INITIAL PHRASES

E.V.B. (Eleanor Bernis) Ever Victorious Be
A.N.B. (Audrey Bordeaux) Always Nicely Behaved
G.F.G. (Grace Grines) Giggling Ever Giggling
J.A.D. (Josephine D'Annolfo) Just A Dreamer
R.J.B. (Jean Byron) Regular Jitter Bug
D.F.H. (Doris Hjelm) Dislikes False-Hoods
S.V.J. (Stella Jannette) Such A Vigorous Junior
C.L.C. (Charles Cutting) Can Look Cute
A.M.H. (Arlene Howe) Aren't Men Hateful?
J.J.P. (Joe Panaccione) Jumping Jive Perfection
S.C.S. (Sebastian Sattile) So Curiously Silent)
F.E.W. (Florence Weighill) Florence Excels in Wooing
M.A.T. (Margaret Tobin) Mighty Attractive Tot
E.M.P. (Esther Prada) Eleanor (Maybe) Powell the Second
F.S.S. (Francis Sekol) Founder of Soapy Solution
J.S.W. (John Wytral) Jests Superbly Well
S.E.S. (Shirley Stevens) Starry Eyed Songstress
M.L.T. (Mary Tolman) Much Liked Teenster
N.L.O. (Nick Onorato) No Like Orations

JUNIOR AFFAIRS

While all the leaves with glory shine
And birds on wing are wooing,
Let's take a peek and see just what
The Junior class is doing.

NEWS ITEM

Wardie Brown likes Shakespeare
And his many works of art;
But "Romeo and Juliet" it seems
Has won his heart...

Wardie playing Romeo
Upon the highest stair
Talking to his Juliet
Who "but definitely" wasn't there.
The ladder didn't like to wait
And so it left him there
Hanging from the balcony,
A "Brownie" in the air.

When Lindo hears a low voice
He almost has a swoon
'Cause most inevitably it says,
"You will report this noon."

There's Alan over whom
A melancholy spell is cast;
And Georgie let his ego
Get the best of him long past.

No matter where Keith R. may be
Of trouble there is a plenty;
And someone always seems to say
"I'll see you at 12:20!"

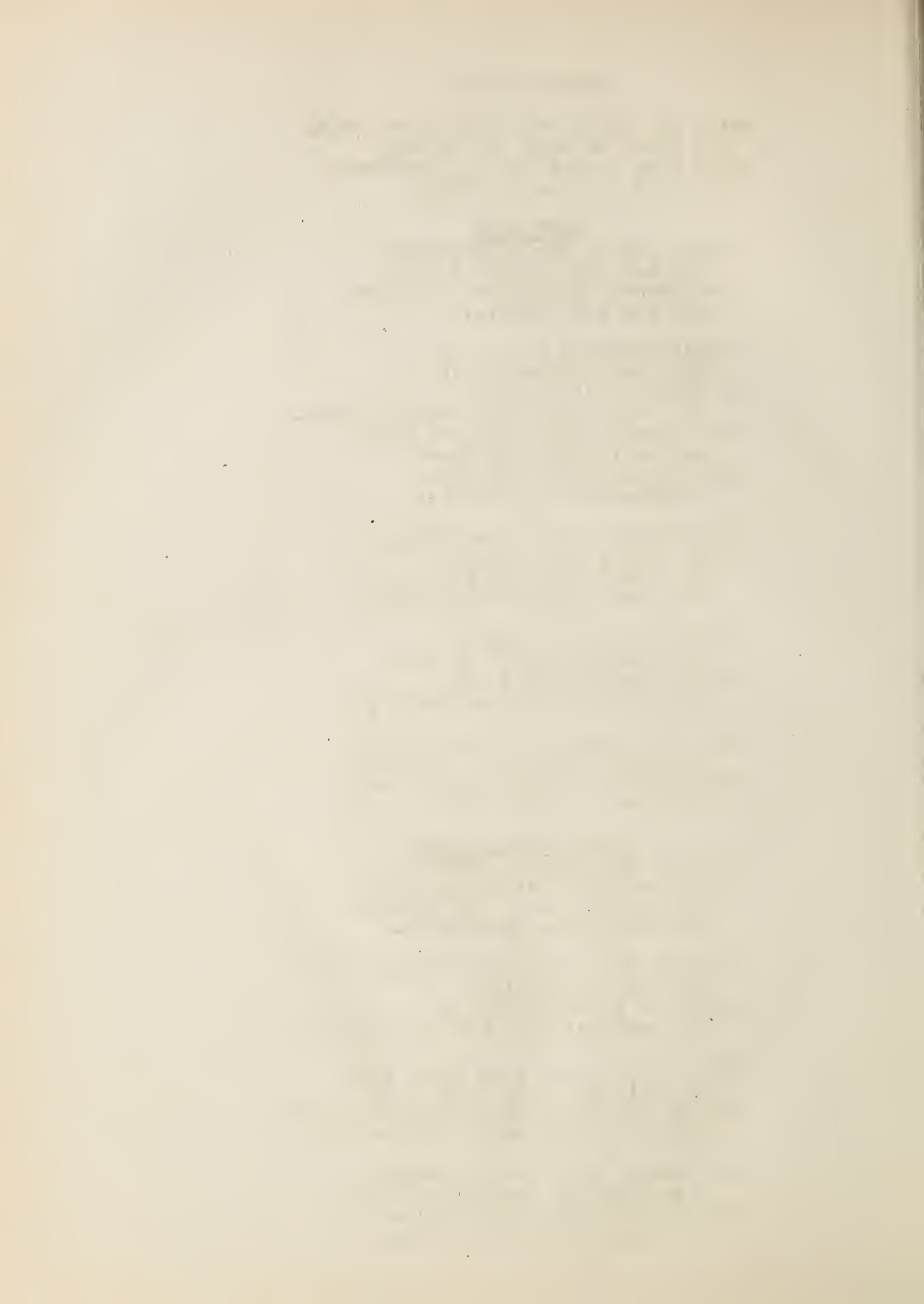
TO OUR BAND ADDICT

He used his gas and rubber
But now can't stand the gaff
So he has all their arrangements
For his little phonograph.

There's Alice with her soldier boy
And also her Marine
Who goes to help make up
The country's big defense machine.

The Japanese may keep their pain,
The Chinese won't relieve it;
And if you don't think that it's true,
Tell Grace you don't believe it.

Now Donald has a set of drums,
With noise he can "stamp d'em"
But when he takes his auto out
He really doesn't need 'em.



JUNIOR PROMENADE

On May 15 of this year the annual Junior Promenade was held in Williams' Hall with nearly three hundred persons attending.

The hall was lavishly decorated in Pan-American style and between the windows were large hand-painted panels. Evergreens banked the stage and balcony and these were interspaced with sombreros and Spanish dancers. Crepe paper and balloons covered the ceiling.

At 9 o'clock the grand march began, but as the hall was so crowded it was impossible to complete it. Dancing followed and the "Junior Promenade of 1942" was in "full swing." The music furnished by Bob Chaplin and his orchestra from Athol was spoken of as the best any Junior Promenade has had for many years.

The floor was so crowded that the "jitterbugging" was rather limited so the "fox trots and waltzes" were favored the most. "Oldsters" and "youngsters" enjoyed themselves immensely even though they got a "kick in the shins" every once in awhile.

Punch was served all during the evening and at intermission ice cream and cookies were sold.

The junior class were very fortunate to have in the receiving line Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cutting, Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Newcomb, and Mr. and Mrs. George Peck.

A TALE FROM JUNIOR PROM

It was two nights before Junior Prom, and all through Williams Hall there arose a great band and clatter. No, folks, I'm not swinging off into poetry. I'm just getting set to tell you something about an amusing incident which occurred while we were decorating for the big event.

About fifteen of us ambitious juniors gathered about Miss Kirby and started out with all the good intentions of getting a lot of work done. For about an hour we did work, very exhaustingly, the boys chopping branches of evergreen, the girls tying it to the balcony. Miss Kirby was supervisor of all, and she certainly did some real hard work too. However, as things progressed, one friend would visit another to make a comment about how everything looked.

One very daring boy, instead of climbing up the steps to talk to two young ladies on the balcony decided to use the step ladder. He reached the top step all right--but he was so intent on his conversation that he didn't realize how precariously he was rocking that none too stable ladder. Suddenly a shriek was heard, work ceased, everyone stood motionless in the middle of the floor--for there on the balcony, very firmly held by two pairs of feminine hands was the young gentleman with the no longer under him. He had leaned too far and realized too late his folly. It took several seconds for folks to regain their breath, but when they did, there was one mad rush to restore the stepladder firmly beneath the young man. Really, I never thought that it took so many people to make one little step ladder stand up. Nevertheless we decided to call off the activities until the following day. We were limp from excitement.

COULD YOU FORGET----

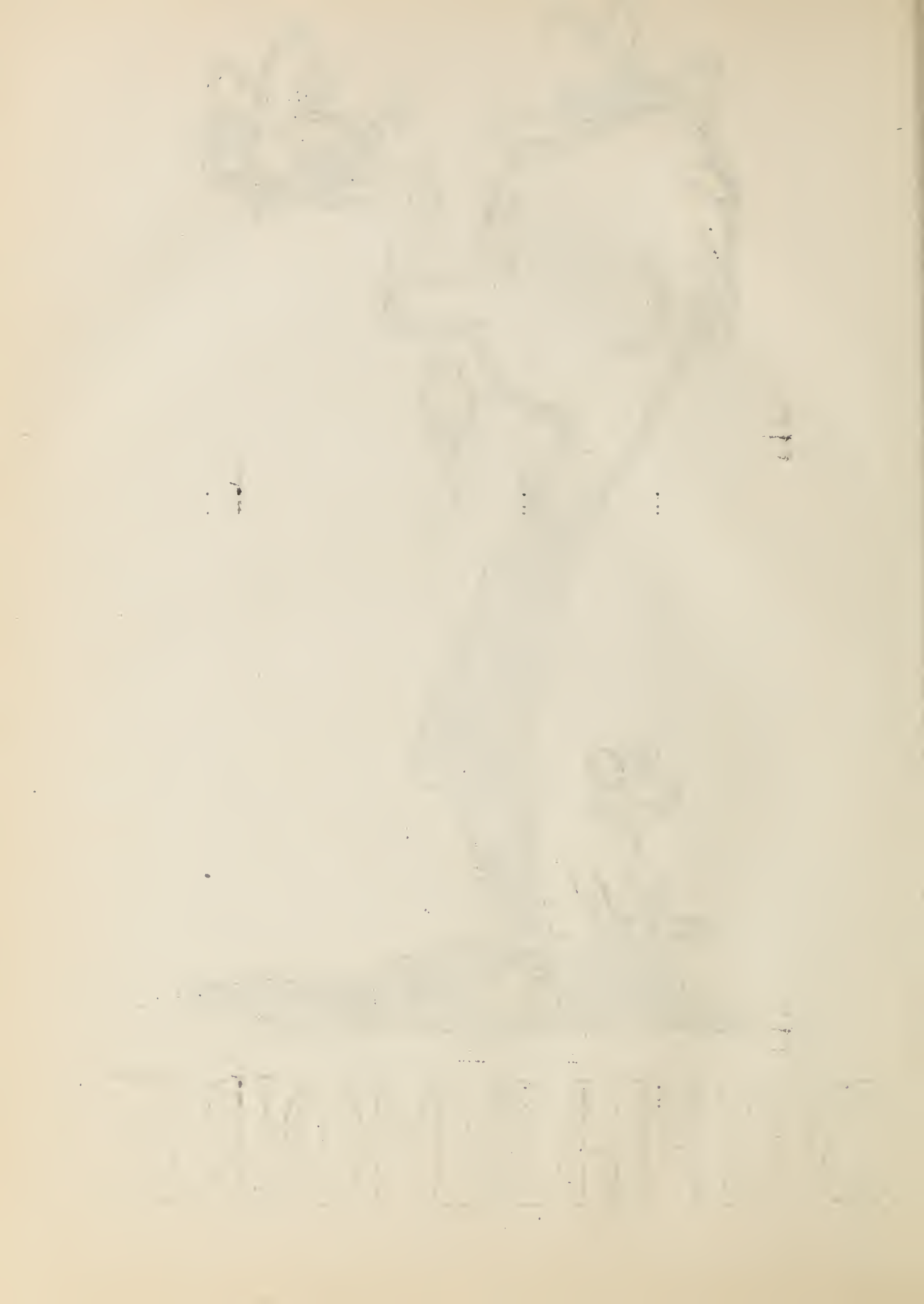
Francis Sokol the sponsor of Sokol's Soapy Solution?
Doris Newcomb and her excellent decorating ability?
Florence Weighill and her innumerable Bookkeeping excuses?
Ward Brown and his verb trouble in French?
Jean Byram, the lady with the latest hair styles?
Arlene Howe with her guitar?
John Wytwral as Colonel Bulbus?
Ruth Waterman and her loyalty to Petersham?
Nicky Onorato, who pitches those splendid baseball games?
Mary, Tolman and her newly acquired beau for the prom?
Margaret Tobin, the young lady who always has her shorthand done?
Rose Puliafico, who is always accompanied by a handsome escort?
Donald Peck and the eventful trip the night of the banquet?
George Mirabile, the double for Tyrone Power?
Kenneth Lindsey and the noon hour under the maple tree?
Mildred Shepardson, who thinks a sophomore boy pretty nice?
Ellen Martone and her interest in Latin?
Doris Hjelm and her piano playing?
Grace Grimes, that studious little girl from Oakham?
Doris Dickson and her good humor?
Harold Dorsey and his interest to Hardwick girls?
Joseph Panaccione and his trumpet?
Theresa Fox, the girl who cut her long tresses?
Eleanor Benis, the inventor of new dance steps?
John Slosykowski and his new car?
(Bernice Martin)
(Frances Spassaro) the three musketeers?
(Mary Genovesi)
Alan Macintosh and his ability to do math problems
Edmund Andrukonis, the boy with the perfect smile?
Phillip Dwelly, who has a fondness for blondes?
Lindo D'Annolfo, who likes to think "tall, dark, and handsome"
applies to him?
Keith Roberts, the boy who makes it a point to come to school
once a week?
(Stella Jannette)
(Santal Buttero) and their harmonizing voices?
Alice Kirvelevich, who prefers the Marines?
Shirley Stevens and her freckles?
Matthew Trifilo and those curly locks?
John Illiscavitch and his love for gum?
Sebastian Sottile, the Romeo of the junior class?
Clarence Metcalfe with his music box?
Esther Prada, that skillful little bookkeeper?
Grace Tomasello and her enjoyment of 2nd period?
Walter Rice and his ability to do physical training?
Josephine D'Annolfo and her pleasing ways?
Charles Cutting during French class?
Albert Kamarous, who has enjoyed every seat (for a week)?
Anthony Daundakis and his quiet ways?
Mr. Wing and his hair cuts?

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SOPHOMORE





SOPHOMORE CLASS ROLL



President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer

Oresto Pereschino
Catherine Chilleri
Dorothy Rice
Paul Salvatore

Mary T. Aliquo
Catherine F. Allen
June M. Allen
Kathleen S. Backus
Ruth E. Bacon
Lillian M. Bechan
Harold D. Brown
Keene P. Burgess
Catherine A. Chilleri
Edward D. Cole
Violet M. Corso
Frank S. Cummings
Irene S. Dogul
Thomas M. Finan
Flora H. Fisk
Dorine A. Gallant
Wesley E. Harrington
Marie I. Howe

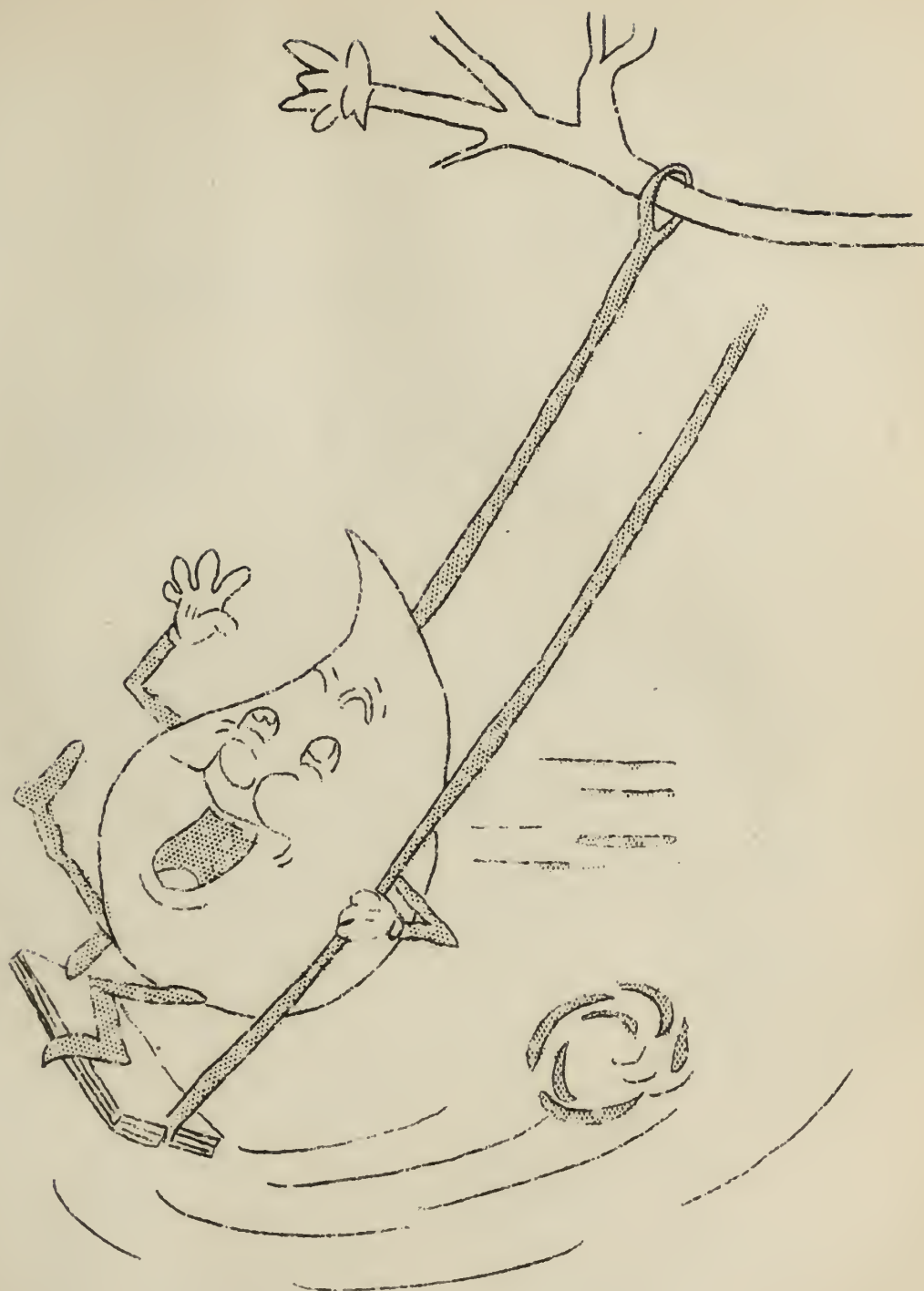
Beverly L. Houston
Charles J. MacDonald
Walter E. Madsen
Nicholas Mallozzi
Frank V. Masulaitis
Alan E. Ohlson
Oresto Persechino
Russell E. Potter
Patricia Puliafico
Dorothy L. Rice
Paul T. Salvatore
Kenneth E. Tobin
Anna E. Tucker
Diana F. Vivian
Mabel I. Wilkins
Karl G. Witt
Lois M. Wyman
Francès S. Zelnia

Harry Hood

SOPHOMORES

Since the outlook of our future in peacetime is somewhat limited by the war, the following article will show where the members of our class will probably go when Mobilization Day comes to our class.

Alan Ohlson	Official French translator
Walter Madsen	Farmer
Catherine Chilleri	Red Cross Nurse
Kathleen Backus	Captain in WAAC
Oresto Perischino	Physical Director in Navy
Wesley Harrington	Pilot of P-39
Lois Wyman	U.S.O. singer
Frank Masulaitis	Bob Hope II
Paul Salvadore	Chaplin
Catherine Allen	Woman G-man
Ruth Bacon	Lathe operator
Frank Cummings	Lumberman
Russell Potter	Counter-espionage agent
Diana Awtry	Movie Actress
Charles MacDonald	Jeep driver
Keene Burgess	Top sergeant
Karl Witt	Liaison officer between Army and WAAC
Lillian Bechan	Karl's secretary
Mary Aliquo	Owner of Red Sox
Kenneth Tobin	President of Boston and Albany Railroad
Flora Fisk	Opera Singer
Beverly Houston	National Pig-calling Champion
Edward Cole	Parachute Trooper
Dorina Gallant	Worker at Lockheed
Nicky Mallozzi	Tank-driver
Irene Dogul	Farmerette
Harry Hood	Inventor of new explosive T.N.T
Marie Howe	Vermont Publicity Agent
Dot Rice	Woman taxi driver



FRESHMEN



FRESHMAN CLASS ROLL

President
Vice President
Secretary
Treasurer

Vito Trifilo
Ruth Flint
Velna Bordeaux
Oreste Franciose

Renee M. Agar
William E. Better
Wealthea J. Boardway
Velna A. Bordeaux
Ralph C. Bullard
Evelyn A. Caranci
Harold S. Carey, Jr.
Betty A. Carlisle
Anne Chakuas
Mary A. Cirelli
Jessie M. Clemente
Betty M. Dean
Frank A. DiFonzo
Ralph J. DiLibero
Norman L. Drolet
Doretta M. Duda
Ruth M. Flint
John K. Fox
Oresto C. Franciose
James E. Gilliland
Louise L. Hardy
Clarice E. Heyes
Hope E. Johnson
Donald R. Lang
Peter A. Mallozzi
Leslie E. McClanathan

John E. Panaccione
Charles L. Paquin
James B. Parsons
Helen R. Power
Rosario S. Puliafico
Raymond M. Reed
Marion B. Ricchiazzi
Fealise G. Shepardson
Irene J. Sieczkarski
Stanley P. Sokol
Domenica A. Sottile
Chester L. Spinney
Walter M. Sullivan
Clayton D. Swan
George L. Thorng
Lucy P. Tolman
Vito Trifilo
Mary F. Valente
Myrtle L. Vaughn
Edwin Wade
Donald F. Watson
Edward A. Yankowskas
Emma A. Yonker
George W. Yonker
Emma E. Keddy



EDUCATION FOR THE FUTURE

Our freshman school year is almost over, and we hope every freshman has done his best.

We know that the first year in high school is very important.

It is very important for our future careers and now, more than ever, we need education to make us good American citizens.

In the present era it means much more than in former times because in mass production everything is done in such a precise manner that education is vital to good work.

In this country we are free and have a democratic way of living instead of that of people who live under dictators.

We should appreciate all the opportunities our country gives, and we should make the most of all our school years.

We must make every effort to have a better record all the years we go to school, for it will benefit us after school and in anything we choose to do.

Without doubt the class that is graduating this year will be able to use its knowledge in many ways.

Many will try to get further education, and some will join the armed forces.

We know that all the freshmen will be looking forward to being seniors and graduating in 1945.

CHARACTERISTICS OF FRESHMEN

GIRLS

prettiest-----Velna Bordeaux
best disposition--Bette Dean
wittiest-----Marion Richiazzi
best dressed----Hope Johnson
most popular---Betty Carlisle
best hair----Dominica Sottile
shortest-----Evelyn Caranci
tallest-----Dorette Duda
quietest-----Helen Power

BOYS

best looking---Oreste Franciose
best dressed-----Harold Carey
best disposition---James Parsons
wittiest-----Leslie MacClanathan
most popular-----Chester Spinney
best hair-----Vito Trifilo
shortest-----Oreste Franciose
tallest-----Edward Wade
most athletic--Rosario Puliafico

FRESHMEN STATISTICS

When the freshman class entered Barre High School in September, its number was 58 - 26 girls and 32 boys. Since then 7 left.

Stella Crowley and Raymond Rival were the first to leave in the fall. Earle Shepardson left in January. Arthur Porter moved to the Cape, and Robert Carlson to Worcester. These two boys were from Oakham.

Our class lost one member by death. John O'Donnell was killed in an automobile accident on the Worcester Road in December.

Clayton Swan moved in March. He was a member of our basketball team.

At present there are 51 in our class; 25 girls - 26 boys.

DEBATING

Public debating at Barre High during the past year was very late in getting under way. In fact, it was so late that the beginning was necessarily the end.

From the first a few students held frequent meetings to discuss questions informally, but these private discussions proved to be a poor substitute for the real thing. On Friday evening, May 8, the one formal public debate of the year was held in the assembly hall. This particular event is sponsored annually by the Barre Women's Club as a means of promoting interest in debating. Two teams of boys discussed this question, "Resolved: the axis nations should be thoroughly subjugated in the post-war peace." Eddie Powers, Ken Lindsey, and Paul Salvadore upheld the affirmative while Paul Cutting, Bob Rice, and Charles Cutting spoke for the negative. The audience voted before and after the debate, and the affirmative team won by a large percentage. All the speeches were good. Ken Lindsey's rebuttal was exceptionally noteworthy.

In comparison to the debating activities of the last three or four years, this year's record seems to indicate that interest in this important phase of school life has slackened considerably here at Barre High. This is not as it should be, for now, more than ever, our country needs young men and women who can think logically and clearly, a national youth that can think for itself. Debating is the best means known for developing straight thinkers, and at the same time good speakers.

Almost any day one can find a discussion in progress in English or history or physics class--everywhere except on the debating platform. There must be many eligible students at Barre High who have not yet turned out for debating. Come on, folks, why not give it a try next year? Why not have inter-class teams as well as mixed teams? Why not compete with other schools? There are many possibilities, but the answers to all these questions lie in your hands--you boys, you girls, you freshmen, you seniors.

Give it a try! It's interesting, and it's fun!

BARRE HIGH SPORTS

This year baseball, always a major sport, took a hard knock. First of all, our coach, Mr. Allen, was unable to give us as much of his time as he had in the past. But Captain "Red Wrin" conducted the practices which Mr. Allen missed. How well he succeeded may be judged from the fact that the team won four while losing only two games.

The first game was with Holden. "Nicky" Onorato pitched a good game, but it wasn't the team's day to win. Next the team journeyed to Hardwick, where it won by the score of 13 to 3. Wrin drove in several runs. Once again we met Holden, this time at High Plains. The game was 3 to 0 in Barre's favor until Holden put together four runs in the 8th, and the final score was 4 to 3.

Hardwick again, and the score 11 to 2 for Barre. A home run by Wrin featured this game. Frank Masulaitis, ordinarily shortstop, pitched all the way for his first win as a high school pitcher.

Princeton was the next game played. The team won easily by a score of 11 to 1. A number of substitutes played in this game, and for experience Mr. Allen shifted the team about into different positions. Paul Salvadore made a home run.

The final game was a return game with Princeton at High Plains. Again there was a good deal of substitution. The final score was 10 to 4, Capt. Wrin and Nicky Onorato hit homers. "Red Wrin" finished his career at high school with a .500 average. The runner up was Nicky Onorato with .391.

BASEBALL

This universal sport, played by both boys and girls, has become so popular that it is known as our "National Game." It is played everywhere, on fields that serve a dual purpose as cow pastures, to well-cared for diamonds that could do justice to an estate lawn. No other sport is so popular with all: from young lads to old dowagers it is enthusiastically supported.

This truly American sport had its origin in the old English game of "rounders." In the early 19th century a similar game was played in Philadelphia. It quickly spread and was readily received by everyone in our young and growing nation. However, baseball received its greatest development in and around New York. In 1857 the first uniform rules were drafted. As it became a faster and harder game, gloves and catching equipment kept pace for the protection of the players.

After the Civil War it grew by leaps and bounds. Up to this time it had been strictly amateur, but in 1869 the first professional team, the "Red Stockings of Cincinnati," toured the country winning every game they played for over a year. The "National League" was organized and had complete rule for twenty-five years. Then in 1900 a rival association, the "American League" was formed.

Fueds were a matter-of-form, and many players were crippled for life. In the early 1900's it was a colorful but hard game. The old timers of that era were so bitter that, on or off the diamond, there could be only one result in a meeting of rival players. Connected with the immortal names of McGraw, Wagner, Cobb, Ruth, and others are stories that are as immortal as the men themselves. At a time when underhanded operators were practically ruining the game, "Babe Ruth" won the fan's trust and confidence. It is possible to say that, single-handed, he saved this great game from oblivion.

Today the players of both leagues are proving their patriotism by giving up their growing careers for the service. What a great sacrifice they are making. Bob Feller, Hank Greenberg, Ted Williams, and scores of others, set the pace for all. Surely, if they gave up their careers, which last only a comparatively few years at the most, no one should complain. Truly you can say, "Hats off to Baseball and its stars."

HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS, LISTEN AND LEARN
1942 AMERICAN SLANG

If the boy friend comes up and says to you: "Come on, Worm, squirm!"--he simply means: "Let's go and dance."

If one person monopolizes the conversation, the polite way to tell her--it's usually a "her", isn't it--to keep quiet is: "Don't hand me anymore of that jive."

If you don't like a certain thing say this in a melodramatic voice: "It curdles me!"

If someone asks you how you feel, don't tell him you feel "all right" if you don't! Pop it up by replying: "I feel like the living dead!"

If you are telling somebody an experience in which you sort of put your foot into it, and they say to you, "What did you do then?" Say this: "My friend, I quietly fainted."

If you want to leave a place tell your friend: "Let's quit stalling and get on the ball."

Boys that aren't too exerting are drips; A drizzle is a drip that goes steady.

You can use the words genial and adequate to apply to anything from a strawberry soda to a limousine.

Dress up the saying, "Oh, what a life!" by adding, "and other signals of woe!"

Girls, if a boy calls up and breaks a date, say this: "Listen, you tall (or short), good-looking string of misery, as far as I'm concerned, from now on, you're definitely on ice." Or better still, tell him this: "It's a case of mind over matter--I don't mind and you don't matter!!"

If someone says: "Well, I'll be seeing you!" Answer: "Not if I see you first!"

Instead of saying "Don't be silly!" say "Don't be pastel!"

If someone says, "Well, how's life been treating you?" Answer this: "It doesn't treat me anymore. I have to pay for what I get!"

If a person comes up to you in a crowd and says: "Where is everybody?" Answer him with this: "I can't imagine. I haven't seen a soul in two hours!"

If you have met somebody before, but have not been introduced and a friend finally introduces you, say "Hello, officially."

When the Senior Class got out of the Courthouse at 2:10, on Wednesday, May 27, 1942, they all said at once: "We'll eat anything that doesn't eat us first!"

IT'S NOT ALL RUMOR!

Graduation and the close of school are getting nearer by the day.

We have a sweater girl at Barre High School.

Alice Kirvelevich still hasn't given up hope?

Wealthea Boardway will glorify the halls of B.H.S. with her beauty now that Veronica is leaving.

Some freshman girls think they're "all right".

Karl-Witt spends much of his time in Hubbardston.

Oakham's blackouts are 100 per cent perfect.

Myrtle Keddy is a two timer.

The seniors are the best class at Barre High.

Marion's hands have actually become graceful. (Everything comes to those who wait.)

Mr. Wing and Arthur Murray should get together (Can he dance!)

The prom decorations were exquisite.

Eleanor Backus known all the intricacies of flirting.

Paul Cutting is a glamor-boy.

Miss Spurr should write a book on "How to win friends and influence people."

We're going to miss Miss Kirby.

Dot Gawthrop's picture is on display at Brown's Studio.

Some seniors are contemplating marriage.

Miss Chase can't get along without Kitty Backus.

Margaret Better has a beau.

Josephine Puliafico is our Mona Lisa.

Like Sampson, Lucy's strength is in her hair.

We'd all better give Eddie Power's hand an extra shake while he knows us.

Excess exercise causes muscles not reduction.

"Still water runs deepest."

The mosquitoes are barbarious at Queen Lake.

Gas rationing is unfair to organized courtship.

Katherine Allen wants to join the Foreign Legion.

Angie DiFonzo is going to give a course to a few of her friends on how to acquire a pleasing personality.

Anna Tucker is determined to develop a technique of whispering without getting caught.

Violet Corso and Catherine Chilleri are working on a plan to keep themselves out of trouble.

The typing class II want to fulfill Miss Kirby's desire for a perfect accuracy test.

And in closing it is the Barre Town Staff's desire that this book be as successful as our banquet.

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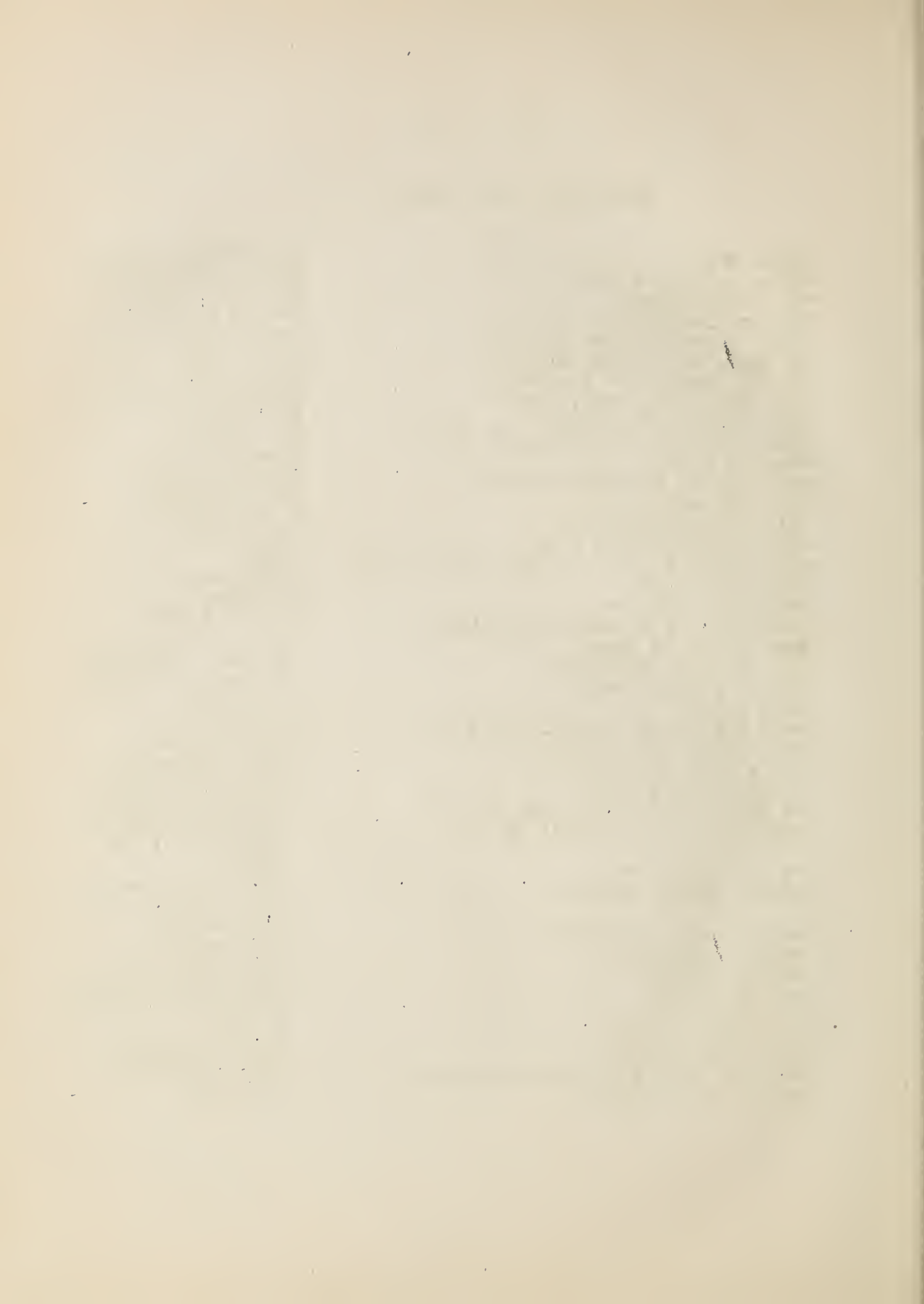
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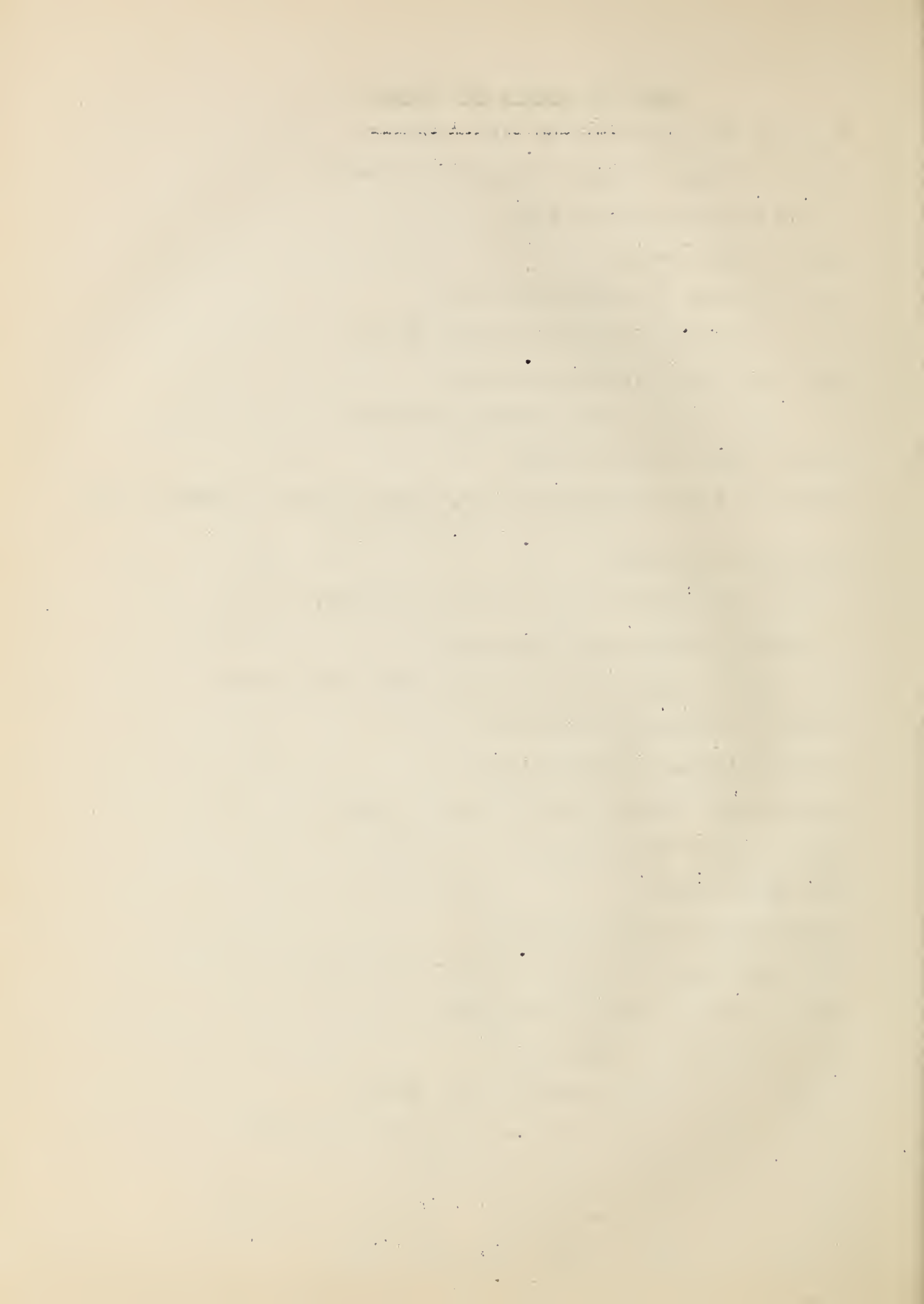
SUGGESTIVE SONG TITLES

"Home Town"	Mr. Dawson
"There Stands A Man"	Leslie MacLanathan
"If I Had Known"	That last test.
"Modern Design"	Donald Peck's car.
"That Certain Night In May"	Junior Prom
"I Wanna Be An Army Hostess"	Mary Tolman
"On The Street of Regret"	Room eight
"We Will Work, Work, Work"	Summer vacation
"The Memory of a Night"	Ken Lindsey
"Somebody Else Is Taking My Place"	The Seniors
"Two In Love"	Rose and Ward.
"This Is No Laughing Matter"	Final Exams
"Breathless"	Joe Panaccione
"I'm A Hard Luch Guy"	Matty Trifilo
"The Window Washer Man"	Mr. Whipplee
"What Word Is Sweeter Than Sweetheart"	Sugar
"Day Dreaming"	John Cronin
"Today Is Monday"	Mr. Wing
"Tonight Two Hearts Are In Love"	Bette and Roy
"The Marines' Hymn"	
"One Foot In Heaven"	Clarence Metcalfe
"Three Little Words"	No School Tomorrow
"Oh, Baby"	A freshman
"You Belong in the Hall of Fame"	Francis Sokol
"The Yanks Will Do it Again"	The Pennant
"What More Can I Say"	Benito Mussolini
"Coffee For Three"	Walter Sullivan
"I Threw A Kiss into the Ocean"	Florence Weighill
"Little Man Who Wasn't There"	Alan Macintosh and the Junior Prom.
"I Cry for You"	Onions
"Three Little Sisters"	Alice K., Marie H. and Geraldine F.
"Chatanooga Choo Choo"	Fuller's Bus
"Little Busybody"	Lois Wyman
"Rose O'Day"	Hazel O'Donnell
"Hi Neighbor"	Inviting Detention
"I Dood It"	The junior assembly
"I Remember You"	French
"Papa Nicolini"	Lindo D'Annolfo
"Arthur Murray Taught Me Dancing"	Tony Daoundakis
"Keep 'em Flying"	Everybody



FIFTEEN EASY WAYS TO KEEP FROM GETTING OLD

1. Tell Mr. Dawson that you never heard of Vermont.
2. Go up and down the stairs at least three steps at a time when there is a teacher in the vicinity.
3. Chew gum with such gusto as to be audible to Mr. Wing. (He doesn't appreciate the art.)
4. Quite casually forget to report when you are told to go to detention by Miss Huntly.
5. Wander into the lab and start mixing chemicals guided by your own ingenuity only.
6. Go to Mrs. Boyd's English class with nothing but an excuse.
7. Always tap (or stamp) out the down beats when the orchestra is playing. (It tends to sooth the faculty's nerves.)
8. Remember your right of free speech and exercise it freely in the study hall and in the corridors.
9. Remember that during physical training period it is much more fun to rest than it is to exercise. (Miss Spurr begs to differ.)
10. Throw that hunk of eraser at your pal across the room; Mr. Allen won't see you. (Don't kid yourself.)
11. Never recite in Miss Magoo's classes. (You may not suffer, but your report card will.)
12. Always let your thoughts wander to more pleasant subjects, such as last night's date, when Miss Kirby is trying to educate you.
13. Go to general chorus just to listen to your neighbors sing; Miss Chase won't mind at all.
14. Forget to go to drawing on Monday and then again on Friday. (Mrs. Rice will pay you a visit.)
15. At three o'clock rush out the front door as though you had just been released from the bastille.



OUR HIGH SCHOOL HIT PARADE

Somebody Else Is Taking My Place--Seniors

Don't Sit Under The Apple Tree--Mabel Tucker

Sleepy Lagoon--Ruth and Earl

Skylark--Mary Skelly

Miss You--Mrs. Boyd and Miss Kirby

She'll Always Remember--Dot Bechan (Russ)

Moonlight Cocktail--Betty and Roy

I'll Keep The Love Light Burning--Clarence

Jersey Bounce--Lucy and Nick

Sometimes I Get To Wondering--Mr. Dawson and the excuses he has
to deal with

Tangerene--Dot Rice

You Are Always In My Heart--Philip and Myrtle

I'll Pray For You--Rose and Ward

Last Night I Said A Prayer--Night before final exams

String of Pearls--Dot Gawthrop

The Fleet's In--Catherine Allen

If You Build A Better Mouse Trap--Squashy

Boy! Oh, Boy!--Final Exams

Dear Mom--Veronica

Happy In Love--Diana and Pete

The Lamplighter's Serenade--Betty and Charles

Sweethearts Are Strangers--Lillian

I'll Think of You--Rose Rossi

Couple in the Castle--Wealtha and Nicky

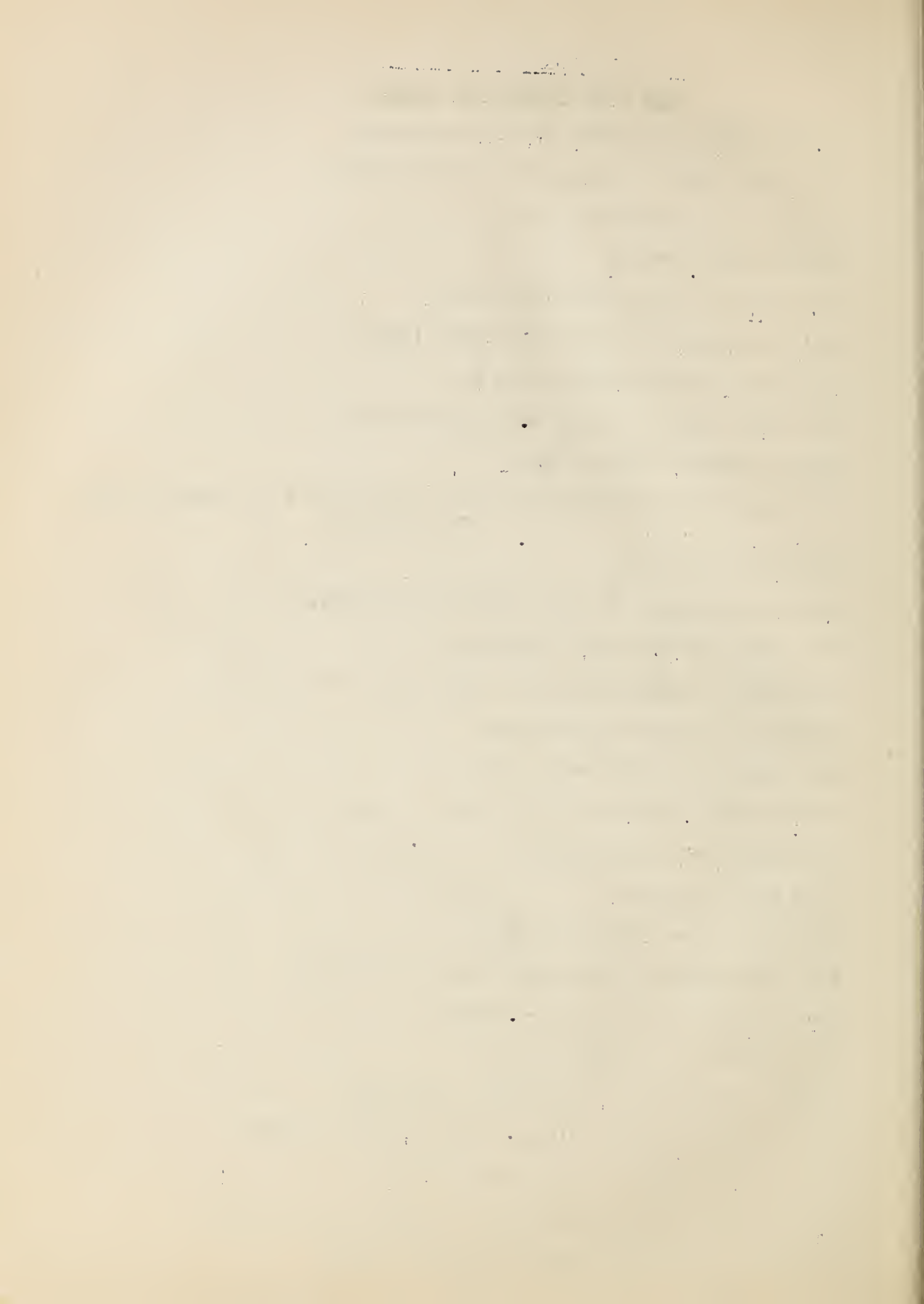
I Don't Want to Walk Without You--Eleanor and Ted

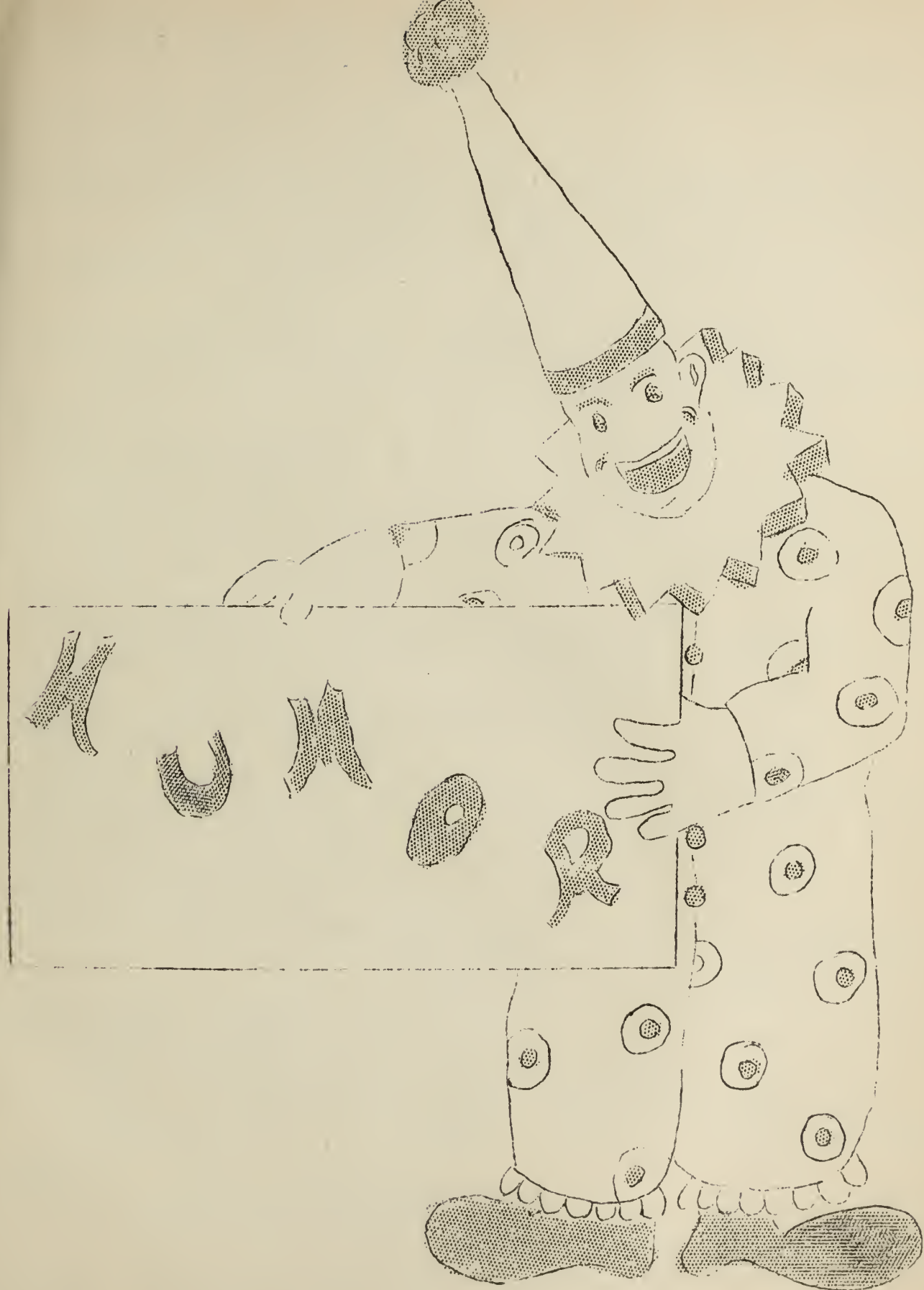
Deep in The Heart of Texas--Geraldine

Three Little Sisters--Veronica, Catherine, and Alice

I Spoke Last Night To The Ocean--Dot Allen

Angels of Mercy--Eleanor and Dot







Policeman: Miss, you were doing sixty miles an hour!
Hazel O'D.: Oh, isn't that splendid! I only learned to drive yesterday.

Income Tax Song: Everything I have is yours.

Jim: What does it mean when a woman driver holds out her hand?
George: It means she's turning left, turning right, backing up, waving at somebody, or going to stop.

A Scotchman: A fellow who saves all his playthings for his second childhood.

The following advertisement appeared in a country newspaper:
"Old-established baker's business for sale; good over; present owner been in it eleven years; good reason for leaving."

Robert Rice who works all day in the First National Store proposed to his girl in this way:
My darling sweet potato, do you carrot for me? My heart beets for you alone. You are a peach with your raddish hair and your turnip nose. You are the apple of my eye, but if we cantaloupe now, then lettuce be married soon, for I know we will make a happy pear.

Veronica Boardway: (While giving a book report) There are so many interruptions, I can scarcely hear myself speaking.

Dorothea: Cheer up, pal, you aren't missing much.

Bob: All hands on deck, the ship's leaking.

Johnny: Aw, put a pan under it and come t o bed.

Officer: (Arresting Dot for speeding) Say, didn't you see me wave at you?

Dot Gawthrop: Yeah, and I thought you were awfully fresh.

Roy: I call her Laryngitis because she's a pain in the neck.

The seven ages of a women: The infant, the little girl, the miss, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman, the young woman.

It was a wise freshman and when forced to apply at the Holden Police Barracks for lodging, he gave his name as Smith.

"Give me your real name!" ordered the sergeant.

"Well," said the frosh, "put me down as William Shakespeare."

"That's better," said the Sarge, "you can't bluff me with that Smith stuff."

Small Boy: "What is college bred, Pop?

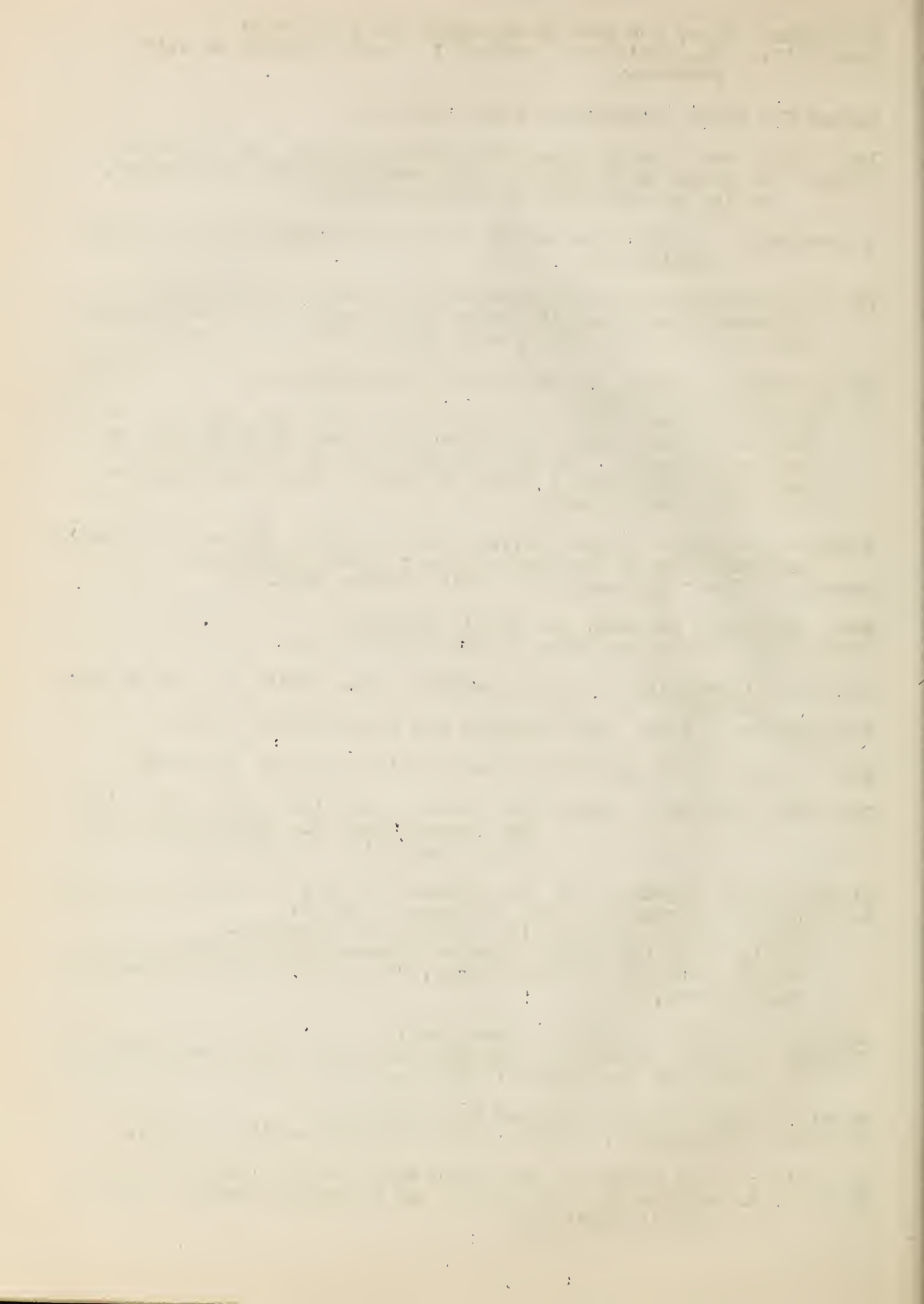
Father: "College bred is a four year loaf made from the flavor of youth and the dough of old age."

Myrtle: "This is an ideal spot for a picnic."

Phillip: "It must be. Fifty million insects can't be wrong."

Josephine: What became of the hired hand you got from the city?

Marion: He used to be a chauffeur, and he crawled under a mule to see why it didn't go.



He calls his car "Modern girl" because it's a runabout, very fast, and it smokes in public.

Lucy: This ain't no sandwich. There ain't nothing in it!

Angie: Sure it is. It's a Western sandwich--two hunks of bread with wide open spaces in between.

Fred: Why do you call your girl, "Bungalow?"

Wilbur: Because she's painted in front, shingled in back, and nobody home upstairs.

A man bought a parrot and tried to teach it to talk. Going over to the bird, he repeated for several minutes the words, "Hello, Hello." At the end of the lesson the parrot opened one eye and answered drowsily "Line's busy."

Gently he pushed her quivering shoulders back against the chair. She raised beseeching eyes in which faint hope and fear were struggling. From her parted lips, the breath came in short, wrenching gasps. Reassuringly, he smiled at her.

Bzzzz, went the dentist's drill.

Traffic Officer: Do you know that you passed a red light? What's your name?

Anthony Lycourgos Daoundakis

Traffic Officer (putting away his book): Well, don't let it happen again.

The optomist fell ten stories . At each window bar he shouted to his friends: "All right so far."

A "mirage" is where "the little man who wasn't there" keeps his car.

Mr. Dawson: I'm sorry to inform you that there will be only a half a day of school this morning.

Class: Hurray!

Mr. Dawson: The other half will be held this afternoon.

Mrs. Boyd: Name two pronouns, Johnny.

Johnny: "Who? Me?"

Mr. Dawson: I suppose you've heard the story of the pair of tights.

Mr. Wing: No, I haven't, what is it.

Mr. Dawson: Two Scotchmen walking down the street.

They were discussing the new typist.

Miss Spurr: What do you think of her.

Miss Kirby: "Well, I don't know, but she spells atrociously.

Miss Spurr: "Really! She must be pretty good; I'm sure I couldn't spell it myself."

Mr. Wing (while teaching general science): Harold, what does HNO_3 signify?

Harold: Well, er, ah, I've got it on the tip of my tongue.

Mr. Wing: You'd better spit it out; it's nitric acid.



Handwritten signature or scribble, possibly reading "J. M. P." or similar, written in dark ink on a light background.